

The Kentway



A Merry Christmas

I welcome the opportunity which the Editor has afforded me to express to the students of this University my good wishes for the Christmas season. To many of you the Christmas vacation will mean a return to the home circle from which you have been separated, during these few months, for the first time. To all of you it will, I hope, mean a renewal of ties with home and friends. It will be a time of joy and merriment: I trust that it will be a time of rest and recreation. For in recreation we renew our spiritual energies as we refresh our bodies. We draw from the past for the demands of the future: we replenish our stores. May the Christmas season be to all of us a time of drawing deeply from the wellsprings that recreate, so that we may be a source of refreshment to others.

And so, may I wish you all a time of recreation in the Christmas season, and high courage for the tasks of the New Year.

Rh. C. Waller

President of the University.

With the present term drawing to its close, it is in accordance with accepted custom and tradition that we should pause to take stock of that which we have achieved, and to contemplate that to which we aspire. For the individual and for the Students' Union, the dying year is fraught with many memories—memories happy and unhappy, memories of triumph and of defeat.

In the realm of student activity it is patent that two departments—the undergraduate paper and the department of men's athletics—have achieved a resounding success. Details of that success are known to all, and I can only hope that other student organizations may profit by the example which is highly worthy of emulation. To the individual and to the organization who feel that they have failed, there remains the bright hope of a more successful New Year, and the inspiring thought that with one battle lost there is yet ample time to win another.

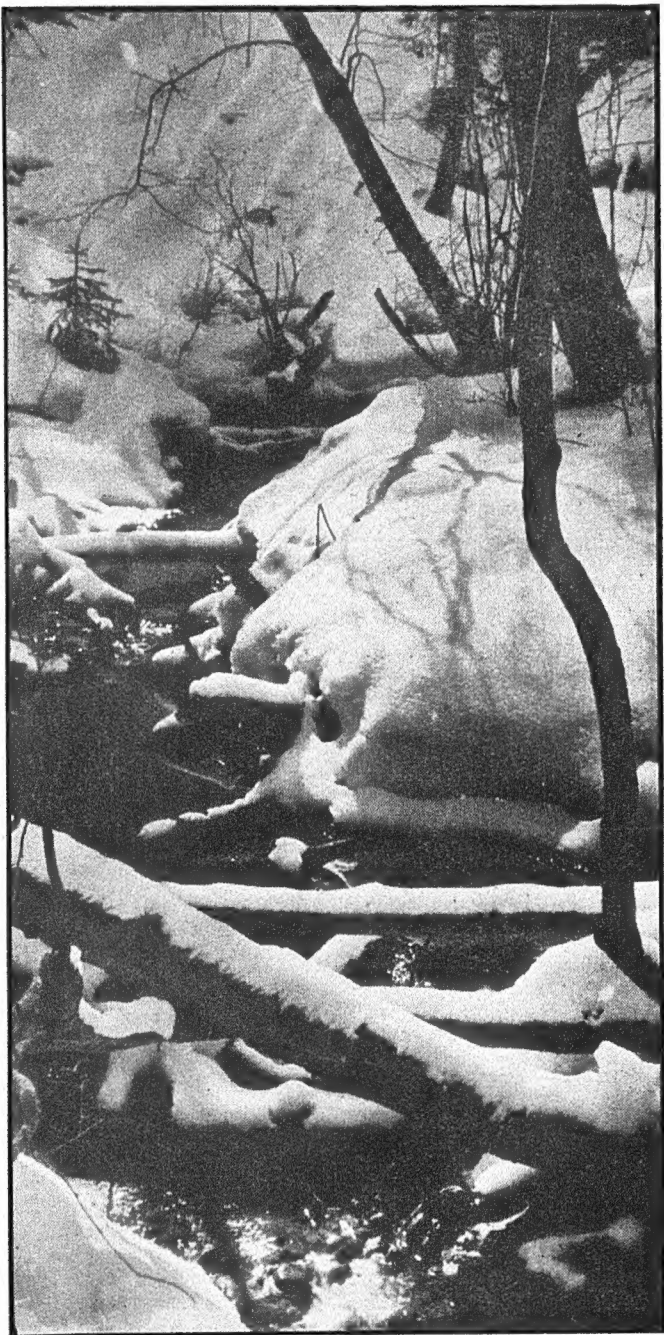
I am happy to have this opportunity to wish all members of the Students' Union a very Merry Christmas and a most Happy and Prosperous New Year.

Arthur P. Zimmerman

President of the Students' Union.

1934





Athabasca Scene of Christmas Banquet

Students living between the northern, frigid zone of Assiniboia and the warmer regions away down south in Pembina, awoke from their pre-Christmas hibernation and gathered last Saturday evening in Athabasca Hall to celebrate the arrival of the Christmas season with a banquet and dance.

The first visual representation that Christmas is "just around the corner," met the eyes of the banqueters when they entered the dining room to see Yuletide decorations covering the tables, and competing with linen, silver and crystal in reflecting the lights of many candles. The merry mixing of men and women trying to find their allotted places at the table started the cordial good fellowship that made previously unacquainted dinner partners the best of friends.

The first course was served to the accompaniment of popping Christmas crackers and the rustling sound of unfolding paper hats. This was followed in order by roast turkey (with trimmings), dessert and coffee. The dinner—arranged by Miss R. Eager and cooked and served by the kitchen staff of Athabasca Hall—was plentiful and excellent, and from cocktails to dessert was thoroughly enjoyed by students and guests. Between courses the bells of Christmas Eve were heard all over the banqueting room, when students attempted to play "Jingle Bells" and

other holiday favorites on glasses partially filled with water.

In a short speech following dinner, Toastmaster R. N. Anderson expressed the pleasure that the House Committee had felt in making arrangements which they hoped would give the students a good time. He also welcomed the guests, who included the Hon. Mr. R. G. Reid, Premier of Alberta; Dr. and Mrs. R. C. Wallace, Dr. and Mrs. MacEachran, and the Deans of the different faculties and their wives. He concluded by calling upon Harold Riley to propose the toast to "The Province."

Mr. Riley praised our bustling, bustling Alberta, and contrasted the development of the great cities with the tremendous expanse of virgin forest and productive plains. In response to the toast, the Hon. Mr. Reid thanked the committee for his invitation to the banquet, and the students for recently focusing the spotlight of public criticism from his activities to their charged passiveness in religious matters. He laid a challenge of service to the province and the people at the feet of each student, and hoped that through their education they might be able to pick it up, and carry it to the goal of a greater Alberta.

Brooks Richards, playing Italian, popular and Christmas melodies on his piano-acordion, was received with

(Continued on Page Three)

Students' Council Holds Another Lengthy Session

Law Club to Put on Undergrad Dance Early in January—Bishop Learns to Roll Dice

By A. Parker Kent

Fighting grimly against heavy odds (Epstein and Burns), Council finally won through to a comparative restoration of its sadly battered honor Thursday evening at the last meeting before Christmas in the historic precincts of St. Joe's Library. It required all of Mr. Bierwagen's native and acquired suavity to circumnavigate the first major crisis of the present session, namely, the Publicity Typewriter Crisis, which began a few days ago as a mere speck on the horizon, and suddenly expanded into the ominous proportions of a near major disaster.

Other crises have come and gone, but it seemed for a time that this one might go on forever. Burns and Epstein were determined that it should go on at least until the Enforcement Committee and The Gateway hirelings were ousted, after which Council could fire the University Senate and set up the latest thing in dictatorships.

Had Burns and Epstein managed to get control of the C.O.T.C. gladiators and the C.O.T.C. arsenal, it is hard to say what might have happened. Likely they would have gone right through with their coup. Fortunately, however, Borgal, alive to the danger, swallowed the key to the stores, thus leaving the insidious pair with nothing save their own verbal ammunition, which didn't prove heavy enough to blast a way through, so that the world was saved once again for people, at least until after Christmas, when Epstein and Burns propose to talk turkey again.

The signs and portents were manifestly all against the meeting in the first place. Bierwagen borrowed a chocolate bar, and with the help of an augur, bored his way into its entrails. Council saw him look and turn pale. "What did you find in the bar?" asked Collins.

"Nuts," replied Bierwagen tersely. Burns and McIntosh exchanged meaningful looks. "The show must go on," said Collins hoarsely. Collins once took part in an Interyear Play and still colors his speech with back-stage vernacular.

Half an hour after the time for beginning the meeting had passed, Council was still short of a quorum. McCormick was kind enough to drop in wearing a new blazer, and entertained the earlier arrivals with quips and jests. But as his stock began to run low he conveyed a distress signal to Bierwagen, who ordered McIntosh to phone the missing philosopher kings.

McIntosh said he would call Epstein. He dialed vigorously, for with him Bierwagen's word is law (Bierwagen being one year his senior-in-law). "Hello! . . . Is Epstein there? . . . I say is Epstein there? . . . What? This is Pembina? . . . Oh, my mistake! . . . What? Oh, you wicked girl!" McIntosh hung up the receiver and also a record in blushes. He dialed again. "Hello, is Epstein there? . . . Epstein! . . . Yes. . . Ep as in Epstein and Stein as in Stein Song. . . Yea. . . Hello, is that you, William? . . . Say, hurry up and get over here to the meeting. . . Be careful, William, there's a fine for saying naughty words over the phone! You like Dr. Stover? . . . Oh, you'll be right over? Okay."

Bierwagen cut the perspiring Mr. McCormick off in the middle of his sixteenth Little Audrey story and asked him to lead Council in song. "We are nearing the Christmas season, and it is only fitting that we should cultivate the festive spirit," he declared. "In rendering praise we might also urge upon councilors the necessity for turning out often. Therefore, I propose we sing, 'Oh, Come All Ye Faithful.'" McCormick cleared his throat and flung out his arms. "All right now, everybody join in. Ready? Hit it!" With one accord everyone burst into song, even the press joining in on the afterbeats. However, Council was not destined to finish the verse, for the house committee of St. Joe's rushed in and said that come, come, they have a certain amount of dignity to maintain, and would Council please co-operate with them?

Bierwagen saw his mistake and assured the distraught visitors that there would be no more singing. "Singing?" said the house committee bitterly, as it withdrew.

The meeting then opened, Epstein having arrived. While McIntosh read the minutes Epstein and Collins showed Edward Bishop, who was there as guest speaker, how to shoot dice with dotted sugar, whereat the perspicacious Edward proceeded to part them most expeditiously from their loose change.

Mr. Tuck then explained the details of the typewriter controversy, showing how the Enforcement Committee, which had found The Gateway guilty of breaking the Publicity typewriter, but not responsible for the damage because the machine was ready to break anyway, how this Committee had ordered Council to go easy on The Gateway in exercising its prerogative of being able to make The Gateway pay, and how the Committee reversed its decision on Tuesday, due to The Gateway staff having resigned, and besought Council to reverse its decision to force the student organ to pay for the typewriter. Mr. Tuck quoted several hundred sections and sub-sections from the Constitution, and was successful in making his report as involved as the typewriter's mechanism itself. Tuck concluded his address with a motion that Council should withdraw its order for The Gateway to pay costs.

"The Enforcement Committee is stepping out of its role," said Burns hotly. "It is dictating to Council what it should do. We are the supreme body, not the Enforcement Committee." "Now, now," said Bierwagen uneasily, for he foresaw ruin if this attitude were persisted in by Council. "The machine was proven to be on its last legs, or rather keys, and what does it matter anyway. Let's take the suggestion of the Enforcement Committee and drop the whole thing."

"The Enforcement Committee, if it gets away with this, will have set a dangerous precedent, and will be acknowledged supreme if we let it dictate to us in this," declared Burns with passion.

"The Enforcement Committee, if it gets out of this affair without any more loss of prestige than it has already suffered will be so relieved that it will know better than to let itself into such a mess again?" retorted Tuck.

"The Enforcement Committee is only to implement our rules of student conduct, and not to serve as a court," asserted Epstein. "In this case, its only function is to compel The Gateway to pay if we order it to, and it has no right to decide as to whether or not The Gateway should pay."

"We asked it to arbitrate," protested Bierwagen, who was manifestly peeved. "It did it as a favor." He went on to say that the matter got more difficult as the controversy proceeded, and the sensible thing to do was to do the sensible thing. "We can decide on Constitutional functions after Christmas," he added.

"It looks to me like the prima facie evidence of Emerson vs. Johnson," Epstein objected. "The Committee has no ipso facto right to adjudicate sub judice."

"The Committee is only recommending E Pluribus Unum," answered Bierwagen. "It is not ordering."

"Council at present stands in an unfavorable light," argued Epstein. "It orders and then rescinds. It orders and then backs down when The Gateway staff resigns, and moreover it hands on the disease to the Enforcement Committee which has also taken to ordering and rescinding. Where will this stop?"

"We wouldn't be in this trouble if Burns hadn't passed the motion last time near the end of the meeting when we were all half-asleep," Bierwagen snarled.

McIntosh had a way out. "We can pretend we passed the order because we were duped into falsely believing The Gateway broke the machine, and now that we have found out different we rescind," he said.

"Not at all," Epstein said pugnaciously. "Since Council pays the money anyway, through itself or through the hands of The Gateway, let's assert our right of supremacy over The Gateway and make it bear the stigma."

"Damn it," said the Pres., sobbing. "You're just making mountains out of molehills. Whoa is me."

"The Gateway is mad just because it has a morbid disposition," declared Burns, who was however somewhat shaken by the sight of a strong man weeping. "I move that the order stand."

"The Gateway is mad because of the way the Treasurer made his comments in the order," Epstein said. "No, that's not so," protested Arthur. "We just read out a minute ago how they reconsidered their position in that

(Continued on Page Eleven)

FIAT EXPERIMENTUM IN CORPORE VILI

The Gateway learns, on the authority of the Columbia University Press, that as the books of the old Library were recently moved to the new one on South Field, a chute was constructed in front of the old Library steps to the north sidewalk of 116th Street. Down its greased rollers they slid the hundreds of boxes containing the millions of books to be transferred. A representative was on hand to report the progress of the first box down the chute. Here it came—18 in. by 36 in.—but, lo and behold, it contained no books! It contained instead the dignified librarian of Columbia University himself, who, with his knees under his chin, was unwilling to subject his precious tomes to any dangers that he could not himself survive!

Home and History of Crofters Forms Topic of Lecture

Carried from Convocation Hall right across the Atlantic Ocean by means of a magic lantern, an appreciative audience greatly enjoyed Miss Jenny Brown's talk on "The Crofter in the Highlands and the Islands" on Monday evening. Using the moving camera to bring out the many traits of the Scot in the northern Islands even more vividly than her well told story, Miss Brown developed for the audience the simple life of the islander among the picturesque, windswept islands.

The evening began with a trip from Quebec to Southampton in the Empress of Britain, and then to London, very interesting and a novel start to a most enjoyable talk. When the audience had arrived in London the film ceased for a time and the speaker was introduced by Dr. Wallace. Miss Jenny Brown, or Mrs. Gilbertson, as she is in private life, quickly took over where the boat train had left us, and carried us north with her to furthest points of land in Northern Scotland. Her clear voice and easy carriage swayed the audience as she proceeded to give an insight into the home life of the crofter, that hardy soul who toiled so unceasingly to eke out a living from the sea and the land. She traced their history from earliest times, down through the periods. This was the race who beat off the advances of the Romans and then the Norsemen, and kept intact their little nation. The story then centred on those smaller islands off the north coast of Scotland, claimed first by the Norsemen and then coming into Scottish domains many years afterwards. These islanders differ from the rest of the Scots in that they are dark haired, and Miss Brown told of

two of the stories attempting to account for this characteristic. Tales of oppression by noblemen, hardships wrought by greed in the 18th century followed, and then came the climax of the terrible privations borne by the people. Their homes were taken from them and burned, they were cast out into the hills, so that their farms might be used to make grazing grounds for sheep. Here Miss Brown gave a moving recitation, taking for the moment the role of a crofter just deprived of his hearth and home.

Late in the 19th century the crofter's lot was made a little easier to bear as an act was passed, giving him security of tenure among other benefits. Since the Orkney and Shetland Islands are surrounded by the sea, they have given rise to a seafaring folk. The Orkney island is very fertile, and the islanders have been called farmers with boats. The Shetlanders, on the other hand, were called fishermen with farms, since their farms were mostly peat bogs and rolling hills, and the sea was their chief livelihood. It was of the latter we saw so much in the many excellent films shown at the conclusion of the talk.

Life in the Shetland islands is changing very rapidly of late years. Thirty or forty years ago it was very little affected by the outside world, but now the steamship arrives regularly, the motor car has arrived, and radio is quite a part of the home. The aeroplane, too, is making its appearance. Whereas in olden days the men, when they wanted fish, had to go out to sea

(Continued on Page Ten)

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ATHABASCA SCENE OF CHRISTMAS BANQUET

(Continued from Page Two)

continued thunderous applause, that called him back to the stage for encores.

By illustrations and amusing after-dinner stories Chris Jackson, in his toast to "The Ladies," thanked them for their presence, which made the banquet more interesting and enjoyable. Miss G. Mavor, in replying, thanked the committee for the decorations and arrangements, which told all women that men were still willing to labor for women's pleasure.

The next number on the program was a humorous reading by Miss Maxine Darrah that was well received. Following the reading a piano solo by Miss Eleanor Hefflebower was enjoyed by the banqueters, who called for an encore. Miss Hefflebower's performance was especially appreciated when it was learned that she had been ill, and had left the infirmary only Saturday morning.

The toast to "The University" was given by Miss Jean Fettes, who praised the institution, the instructors and the President. Dr. R. C. Wallace, who replied, considered that as far as he himself was concerned undoubtedly distance lent enchantment. Dr. Wallace accepted the praise for the instructors and the institution, and stated that he felt the University offered an excellent training in co-operation, expression, knowledge and thinking, and if the students graduated with these abilities at their command, the school was serving its purpose.

After the last toast had been proposed, toasted and responded to, the students and guests arose, joined hands and sang "Auld Lang Syne."

The dance which ended the banquet was thoroughly enjoyed by all. Excellent music, a shining floor, shaded lights and numerous goods dance partners hurried the evening to a close, and at twelve o'clock disappointment was

pictured on every face when it was realized that one of the best evenings of the year was over. The students in residence can only offer their heartiest thanks to those who gave them one of the most enjoyable evenings in the series of residential activities during the fall session of 1934.

Packers Run Roughshod Over Varsity; Win 7-0

MAYBANK BEARS BRUNT OF BATTLE

Smashing through in the third quarter to pile up an insurmountable lead, the Superiors whipped the student squad into complete submission, beating them 7-0 in the last game that the Varsity will play till after vacation. Maybe we are hoping for the impossible, but it would be desirable if the players would get a good rest during the holidays, and some of them in their spare time practice up on their skating. We see no reason whatsoever for the forward strings not being able to pass the rubber straight across the ice more than three or four times during the whole battle. On every second rush the player with the puck, when he got to centre ice, would without fail pass the puck ahead to the Superior defencemen, or else shoot it at least a good six feet behind his colleague; so no matter how hard the boys fought, that sort of play certainly sends anyone away with a bad taste in their mouth.

The first period was so dead that it crawled, both teams dishing out the most disorganized rushes that have been seen on this rink for some time (including co-ed games). In the dying minutes of the frame, however, Stark and Joe Brown started having words with each other when Campbell wasn't looking, and from then on things became a little more interesting. The goalie of each team was brought to his knees many times, and for two minutes it certainly looked as though Varsity was starting to click in the attempts they made to score, while Bus Brown was marking time in the cooler for tripping up fleetfoot Cruickshanks. However, the period finished with no score, and both teams well pleased with themselves.

In the second period it was easy to

see that Varsity missed Jack Talbot on defence, because although Stark and Zender played a heads-up game all evening, they were showing signs of getting pretty tired. Halfway through the canto the Soops shoved the puck by Maybank on an offside, but Campbell saw it and called them back, but all to no avail because, as Lefty Grove said, it was going in anyway, and to prove he was always right he flipped it past Maybank again.

"Shorts" Purcell kept on wanting the big half of Maybank's bunk, and although Ralph didn't like the idea, he never literally kicked him out. At this time all the players picked on the Varsity goal judge for some reason or other, and during this time they say Crossland scored again, but we still maintain that Purcell carried it in his hand when he went on one of his cohabitational jaunts.

The third period opened for the Superiors when Joe Brown split the defence wide open, and didn't give Maybank the chance of the proverbial

(Continued on Page Ten)

Corbett Tells Story of Kreuger Arch Swindler

"You Can't Patch Up the Old Machine Very Much Longer,"
Says Speaker

DR. WALLACE ADDRESSES NEXT MEETING

"Ivar Kreuger and the Concentration of Power" was the subject of the paper read Wednesday evening before the Philosophical Society by Mr. E. A. Corbett, Director of the Department of Extension. This paper was designed to follow one directly on Elmer Roper's "Case for Socialism" presented at last month's meeting.

Mr. Corbett began by giving an outline of Kreuger's life. He was born in 1880 of German parentage, living in the Swedish town of Kalmar, on the Baltic. He worked his way through school, and came to America as an emigrant when twenty years of age. He worked as a laborer on many large construction projects in New York, meanwhile picking up a knowledge of the business world. He returned to Sweden and joined forces with a young engineer by the name of Toll. They rebuilt the city of Stockholm and gradually amassed a huge fortune. Then they turned their interests to the match business.

During the next few years Kreuger associated himself with some of the great banking names of the world, and became the colossus of the business world. With the news of his death, pandemonium reigned on a wide front. It was discovered that stocks and bonds of wide holdings were worthless, and that supposedly stable companies existed in the form of a bookkeeper alone.

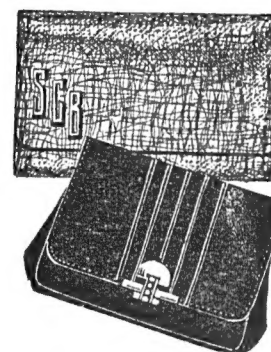
How did Kreuger get away with such colossal roguery? Some of the gentlemen on the board of the International Match Company were Frederick W. Allen, Donald Durant, Henry O. Hauemeyer, Francis L. Higginson, and many more well-known Wall Street figures. Anyone of this imposing list of directors could have discovered with the aid of a pencil and an old envelope, the fraud which Kreuger was carrying on, practically in the open. Anyone with an elementary knowledge of bookkeeping could have revealed his

tremendous trickery. Why, then, was he not exposed? All the directors said that they never had looked at the company's books and that they had had complete confidence in Kreuger.

The truth of the matter is that the New York market of 1925-1930 was made to order for men like Kreuger. Also, a great many firms such as the American Telephone and Telegraph Co., American Car, and many others have their own private auditors and refuse to let an independent auditor go through their books.

The question arises: how may gigantic swindles of this type be stopped? Not by fraud prevention acts, as is commonly supposed. A completely new system is needed, and Mr. Corbett pointed out this system will gradually come, not in a day or night, but over a period of several years.

Mr. Corbett said: "I am not an economist, nor a philosopher, nor a politician, but I think you can't patch up the old machine very much longer. I think just as feudalism had its day and was succeeded by the present capitalistic system, so the people of this country will eventually, and perhaps quite gracefully, bow with a very decent acknowledgment of its contribution, bow to the capitalistic system. Somehow, I don't believe this change will come with tumult and shouting. It will come through the slow but certain awakening of a naturally con-



HANDBAGS

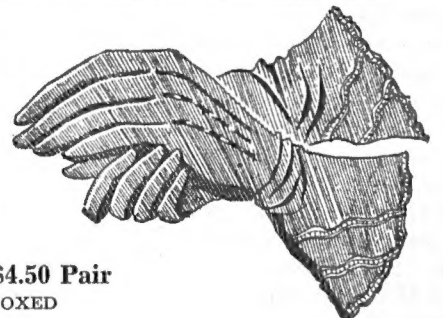
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I SAW THIS WEEK

Miss Margaret Hess (a Freshette) at the Xmas banquet dimpling at Dr. McPhail, "Are you a Freshman?" Jean Fettes in her toast to University accusing "Dr. Wallace of being the handsomest University President in Canada."

Dr. Wallace snapping back, smart like a fox, "Distance lends enchantment." Herb Gale, Dunc McKenzie and Mac Hall playing "train"—Sh!!

President of Union calling editor of I Saw the goddamest busybody in the University.

Harold Poole referring to "The Past Depression" in a lecture.

Boles and Gordon at a show on Monday evening.

AN ARTIST'S IMPRESSION OF THE JUNIOR PROM



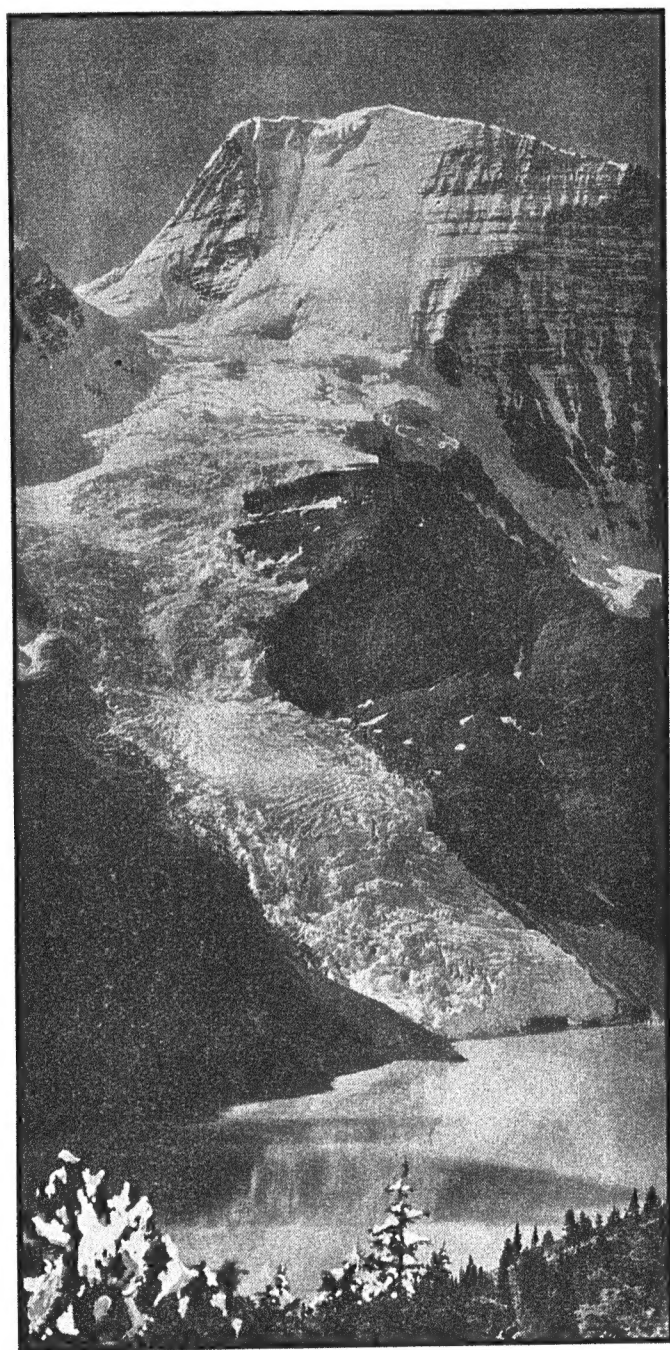
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OPEN FORUM DEBATING

One of the most deplorable of conditions in University activities this year is the almost complete absence of interest in the Debating Society. Records for small audiences were set on two occasions recently when no more than fifteen persons turned out to hear open forum debates. In respect to attendance, those debates were very unsuccessful, and it is really only by attendance that the success of open forum debates can be measured. The success of such debates is dependent on two factors. In the first place, the resolution chosen for argument must be one of a good controversial character, but for which no particular or technical knowledge of the subject is required. It must be a resolution on which each and every person in the student body has definite views of his own and can therefore express those views without the thought that there is one faculty or another that would naturally have greater knowledge of the subject than himself. It should also be a subject which lends itself easily to wit and humor. In the second place the principals chosen to argue the question should be persons who are well known to the student body, and who have built up for themselves a reputation from former appearances in open forum debates.

In these respects the first debate held deserved a better reception than it did in fact receive. The subject chosen was very opportune, although it is claimed that it had no connection with the religious controversy which was then arousing so much indignation in University circles. The principals chosen had considerable experience in University and high school debates, and were well known to the student body at large. And in the most recent verbal battle these considerations combined with the theatrical element of make-up to produce the most successful open forum this year. If the President of the Debating Society can keep up the standard of debaters and subjects, he will undoubtedly be rewarded with larger and more enthusiastic audiences.

Very few of our experienced orators were lost by graduation last year. The difficulty seems to be in the absence of interest in the Freshman and Sophomore classes. To arouse interest it is suggested that as in many other Canadian universities something in the line of interfaculty debates be started. An experienced debater could be chosen from each faculty to select a team in his faculty to meet in interfaculty debates at the open forum meetings. In the absence of a debating coach here these senior students could render considerable valuable service in uncovering and coaching debating material.

An intervarsity competition in radio debating over the Canadian Radio Commission will be held again this year. Alberta, although not winning the shield last year, made a very creditable showing, and with the experience of last year's debates the Alberta teams should give a very good performance, and probably win the shield.

The provincial debates were started just a few years ago, and have now expanded to take in all the larger towns in the province. This also should provide a training ground for debaters, as many of the high school students who participate in these debates will be coming up to Varsity, and will have gained that extra experience for competition here.

With an extensive system of training and better methods of arousing interest, the University of Alberta should be able to maintain its standing as one of the leading Canadian universities in debating.

PROFESSORS IN POLITICS

It seems to be a favorite theme for legislatures, newspapers and the misinformed members of the public generally to decry the participation of school teachers and university professors in politics. And especially is this so if the teacher in question happens to express views contrary to the traditionally accepted ones.

Instead of basing their objections on the only reasonable ground of lack of ability, the argument notoriously set forth is that these teachers and professors are paid out of public funds and should therefore be barred from any public expression on any public matter. We fail to see either the relevance or validity of this argument.

Surely it is eminently desirable to have men, whose minds have been trained and whose outlooks have been broadened by a lifetime of study and education, not only to express themselves on matters of public importance, but also to take an active part in public life. For certainly it is only to men of training and intelligence that we can possibly hope to look to for proper guidance and direction in the affairs of state of this unquestionably misdirected world.

The cry on all sides is for better and more enlightened government and for better-informed types of men to take part in government. Our governments are criticized because of the ignorance and misinformation of the members of our parliament and legislatures. One need only to read at random in any copy of Hansard to immediately develop a profound contempt for the education and ability of our present legislative representatives. And yet when teachers and professors, men who, probably more than any other, have given the problems of government considerable study, do take part in political thinking and action, they are condemned for so doing by people of opposite political stripes. Condemned—not for the falsity of their statements—but for the mere fact of their being professors. We suggest that this condemnation by opposite-party men is perhaps grounded in fear of the abilities of the professors.

If the politically-minded professors were criticized for allowing their politics to interfere with their work to the detriment of the quality of their lectures, and this criticism were based on fact, we could understand it and agree with it. The relating of things academic to things practical, of theory to actuality is neither impossible nor undesirable. It is in fact something which we could wish for in even greater degree.

It speaks very well of the University of Alberta and of the calibre of men who direct it that professors here have the ability and the opportunity to think freely and to give expression to those thoughts. In order to approach a little nearer to the approximation of "whatsoever things are true"—it is absolutely necessary that our professors with their advantage of study and intelligent ability, be allowed to express their thoughts freely on any subject. And not only should they be encouraged to think and to speak what they think is true, but they should also be allowed to attempt to put their thoughts into action and to try to consummate theory into reality by active participation in the affairs of men and government.

We students are firm believers in government by the best men available—by the trained and the capable, and not by the second-raters. We believe in brain-trusts, and in closer connection between the academic men of the university and the practical sphere of government. In order to raise politics from the low estate to which it has fallen, in order to remove the general contempt

Colorado Cave Man Slugs Talking Co-ed

Have you any suppressed emotions or hidden desires? Do you ever have the inclination to swat the co-ed behind you that chatters throughout an entire lecture hour? If you have such inclinations try smacking said co-ed and alibi yourself by declaring you are in training for boxing. You MAY get away with it.

New Communism

A high school student in Boulder City did a little co-ed slugging in addition to several secret missions to University of Colorado frat houses where he evidently believed in "What's yours is mine. What's mine is my own"—and consequently helped himself to various unenumerated articles.

When asked why he struck the poor defenceless wimmin he answered, "Because I wanted to see how good a boxer

I could be." The gentleman (?) is being charged with robbery, but seems to be getting away with his assault and battery.

There must be possibilities in such an alibi. If you want to poison your girl friend put some arsenic in her coffee. If you are apprehended by the gendarmes just tell them you are studying to be a magician and wanted to know if the trick could be done.

Getting Away With Murder

Also and likewise if you want to break your sister's habit of smoking your pipe just select your smashie and take a couple of swings. "Of course," sez you to the limbs of the law, "I love my sister. I was practising a few chip shots and my club slipped. Be sure to arrange all details carefully in the approved detacatif magazine style and they can't prove a thing (?).

So, my frans, at last we have the panaceum for the riddance of pet hates—Kibitzers, Library hogs, Council members, Bus drivers, Ticket scalpers, Muck writers, Cheer leaders, Science-men, Noisy milkmen—Postmen—leemmen (the Three Old Standbys).

That reminds me—did you hear the story about the milkman, the postman and . . .—Ubysses.

A Scotchman and a dozen friends had just finished dinner in a fashionable hotel when a waiter arrived with the bill. "Give it to me, I'll pay for it," came in loud tones from the Scotchman. The next day the following headline appeared in the local paper: "Scotchman Strangles Ventriloquist."—Blairmore Enterprise.

This little poem comes from The Quill:

I had a girl, her name was Annie,
She stood in the ocean up to her knees.

It may not rhyme now; but wait till the tide comes in.

There are only 35 students in all the universities in Japan.

Students at the University of Berlin are allowed a period of six weeks to analyze and select their professors.—Collegian.

During Armistice Day, while the speeches of statesmen filled European microphones with passionate hopes for peace and while a million poppy petals fluttered down from the roof of London's greatest hall in memory of the British people's million dead, armament factories in Kent worked a Sunday shift turning out machine guns, rifles and poison gas projectors for foreign countries.—High River Times.

People laughed at us when we grew our moustache. They laughed even louder when we had to shave it off. But we were steadfast. It was not for us to bow to the empty cackle of the multitudes. We knew that a moustache was useful. Consider those moments before you are called into conference with the Dean. What could be more soothing to the nerves than the chewing of the straggling ends of a moustache? Consider those skating parties as you go round and round with that certain person on your arm, and the wrong hand free. Who will gainsay the necessity of a moustache? And those icicles that form! The artistry, the sheer lyricism of those dangling bits of crystalline incandescence. And the musical tinkle as they flutter in the breeze, and again, the superior disdain . . . hat a stroked moustache lends as the freshettes gather around. My friends, no man should be found without. Ask the man who owns one.—The Manitoban.

How is it that when a man stands on his head, all the blood rushes to it; when he stands on his feet, how is it that the blood doesn't rush there? That is because his feet aren't empty.—Manitoban.

The automobile has made picnicking easier. On the other hand, there is much to be said in its favor.—U. of W. Ont. Gazette.

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THE GATEWAY

The Undergraduate Newspaper, Published by The Students' Union of the University of Alberta

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NOTES From Other U's

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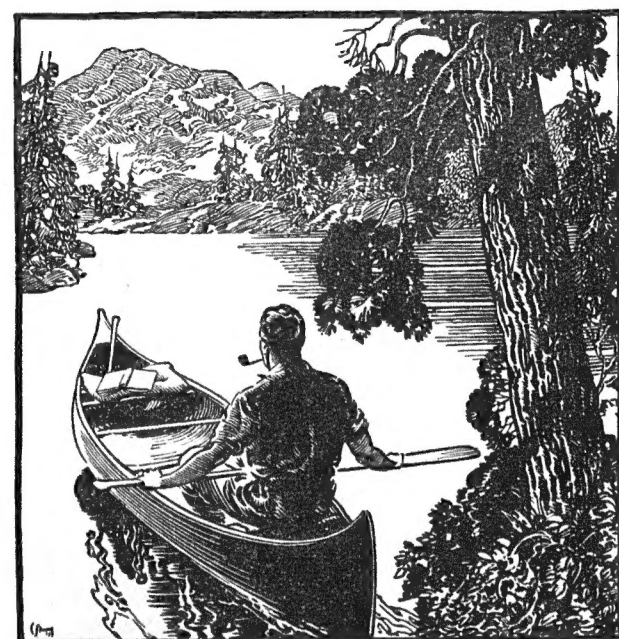
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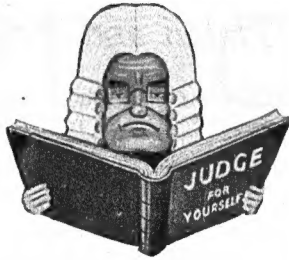
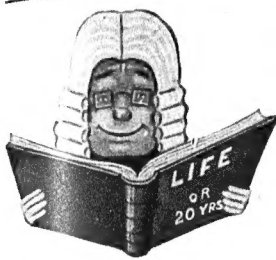
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Jock Cameron was passing along the tracks down Calgary way when he stopped for a moment and called to a man on a hand-car:

"Say, watcha doin'?"

"We're buildin' a track for the C.P.R.," was the reply.

"How long is it gonna take you to build it?" inquired Jock

"Five years," was the response.

"Five years! To 'ell with it. I'll walk."

Harold Riley was about to buy a seat for a picture show the other afternoon. The girl in the box office asked: "Why aren't you in school?"

"Oh, it's all right," said Harold earnestly, "I've got the mumps."

Pome

Who is the man designs our pumps with judgment, skill and care?

Who is the man who builds 'em and who keeps them in repair?

Who has to shut them down because the valve-seats disappear?

The bearing-wearing, gearing-tearing Mechanical Engineer.

Who buys his juice for half a cent and wants to charge a dime?

Who, when we've signed a contract, can't deliver half the time?

Who thinks a loss of twenty-six per cent. is nothing queer?

The volt-inducing, load-reducing Electrical Engineer.

Who is it takes a transit out to find a sewer to tap?

Who then with extreme care locates the junction on the map?

Who is it goes to dig it up and finds it nowhere near?

The mud-bespattered, torn and tattered Civil Engineer.

Who thinks without his products we would all be in the lurch?

Who has a heathen idol he designates "research"?

Who tints the creeks, perfumes the air, and makes the landscape drear?

The stink-evolving, grass-dissolving Chemical Engineer.

Who takes the pleasure out of life and makes existence hell?

Who fires a real good-lookin' one because she cannot spell?

Who substituted a dictaphone for coral tinted ear?

The penny-chasing, dollar-wasting Efficiency Engineer.

The Tail of a Monkey

The Ark sprang a leak when the storm was the worst,

The monkey, observing the accident first,

Inserted his tail in the break in the wood

Averting the danger as long as he could.

But cold grew the water, and cold grew the blast

Forcing the monk to give over at last,

Withdrawing his tail, which, young monkeys are told,

Because of his gallantry always is cold.

The dog to the peril sublimely arose,

Defending the breach with a resolute nose,

Till, even too cold to bark at a cat

He sank with a frost-bitten muzzle, and that

Is why as all friends of the dog understand,

His nose is so cold on the back of your hand.

Then arose Mrs. Noah with cries of alarm,

She plugged up the hole with a lily-white arm.

But cold grew the brine as a logical fact,

Forcing the skipper's good mate to retract

A limb so enduringly frigid that still

The feminine elbow is pointedly chill.

Then came Captain Noah, 'twas time that he came,

For big was the aperture, and wide was the same,

And bigger and broader and wider it grew,

And Noah sat down where the water came through.

He sat while the cattle wallowed and luffed,

While porpoises gamboled, and grampuses puffed.

He sat in the tempest, whilst billows ran high,

And navies of icebergs rode glittering by.

Through all of the cruise he enduringly sat,

Until the Ark grounded on Mount Ararat.

He sat in the wet, so you needn't inquire

Why men always stand with their backs to the fire.

Wife—I've just been reading an article on electricity, and it seems that before long we'll be able to get nearly everything we want by just touching a button.

Hubby—You'll never be able to get anything that way.

Wife—why not?

Hubby—Because nothing on earth would make you touch a button. Just look at my shirt?

"Good morning, miss," said the serious looking stranger to Elizabeth West. "I represent the Society for the Suppression of Profanity. It is our object to take strong language right out of your life. We—"

"Come here, Johnny," called Elizabeth. "Here's a man wants to buy your car."

Jack Garret—And when the conductor found you hadn't your fare, did he make you get off and walk?

Ed Greene (sadly)—Only get off. He didn't seem to care whether I walked or sat down.

Heres' me lyin' on de bed,
T'rote so dry an' t'robbin' head;
Bloodshot eyes an' achin' sore,
De mornin' after de nite before.

Can't eet nuttin', loss me pep,
Loss me munny, loss me rep.

Can't get up, I'b feelin' bad,
Chee! Wot a wunerful time I had.

Never felt so bad before
Even muh tongue is raw an' sore.

Wen I burp I still taste gin,
Chee! Wotta party it musta bin.

Can't remember wher I went,
Don't know wher muh time wuz spent.

Chee! Wotta time it musta bin,
Chee! Wotta time it musta bin,

Lookit the helluva shape I'm in.

Hiram walked four miles over the mountain to call on his lady fair. For a time they sat silent on the sofa in the parlor, but soon the spell of the evening had its effect, and Hiram sidled closer to her and patted her hand.

"Mary," he began, "you know I got a clearing over thar and some haws an' a team an' wagon a'n some cows an' I calculate on building a house this fall, an'—"

Just then he was interrupted by Mary's mother in the kitchen:

"Mary, is that young man thar yit?"

"No, ma, but he's getting thar."

Mal De Mer

She was standing by the rail

And looking deathly pale;

Did she see a whale?

Not at all.

She was papa's only daughter,

Throwing bread upon the water

In a way she hadn't oughter—

That was all.

Emigration Officer—Where were you born?

Emigrant—Ireland.

Emigration Officer—Why?

Emigrant—I wanted to be near my mother.

Eyton Embury—I've set my heart on a Rolls-Royce.

Pete—Yeah? Well, that's the only part of your anatomy that'll ever set on one.

BILL

By Clara B. Net

Now listen, Phill,
Please do be still
And hear you will
How they buried Bill
On the lonely hill
Where the sparrows trill
And the whip-poor-will
Dips his thirsty bill
In the gurgling rill
That flows by the hill
Where they buried Bill.

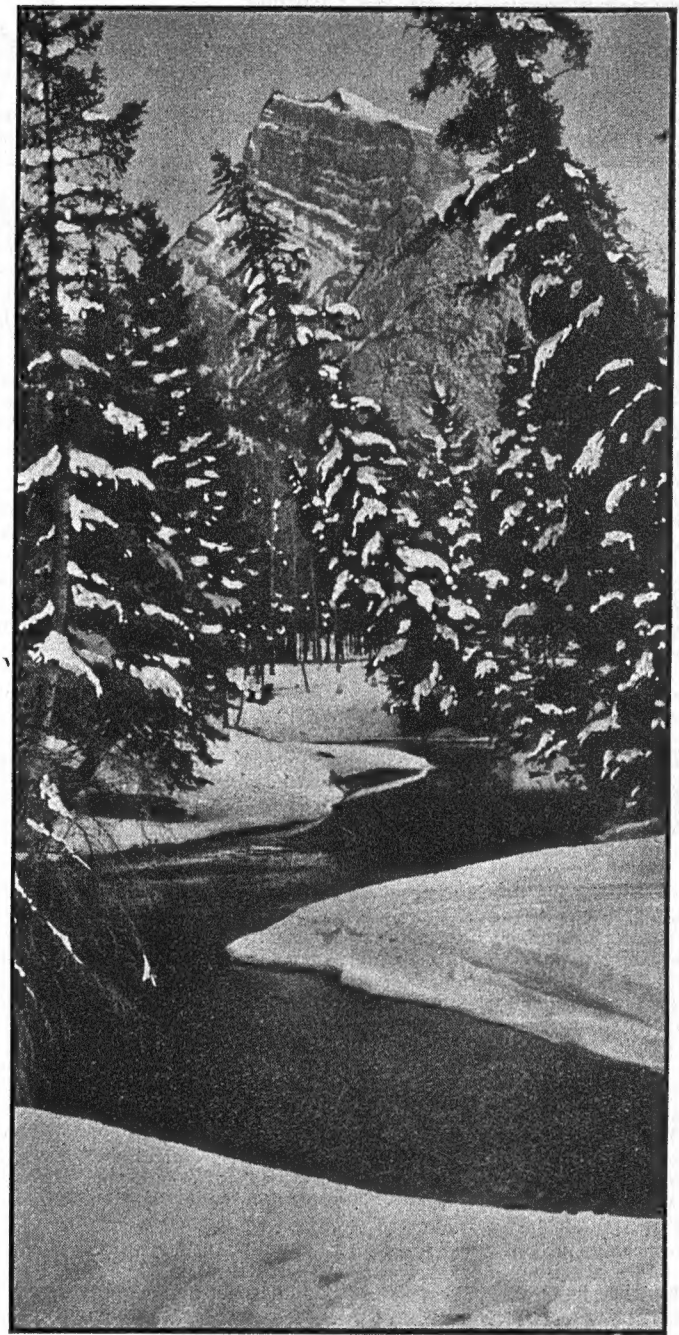
He left no will,
His money was nil,
Not even a gill,
And he had no quill
To write a will
If he'd had the will,
Did this man Bill.

In Tony's Grill,
Where ran a still,
On the window sill

Sat tough guy Bill
With the east-iron will.
He'd drunk his fill,
Full many a gill;
But not a bill
Had tough guy Bill
On the window sill
To pay the bill
At Tony's Grill.

The eyes of Bill
Looked at the till
In Tony's Grill,
And looked until
He felt a thrill
In his east-iron will.
He'd try his skill
And rob the till
In Tony's Grill.
A sack he'd fill
And by the mill
He'd hide until
They'd lost bad Bill.

A foe had Bill
By the name of Will,
An awful pill
And very ill,
But they both loved Lill.
So when naughty Will
Saw how lonely Bill
Looked at the till,
And knew his skill
To rob a till,
He thought he'd kill
This bad man Bill
And thus win Lill.
So when brave Bill
Walked to the till
This noxious Will
Picked up a quill
And deep did drill
In the back of Bill
This gruesome quill.
Our hero Bill
He bled until
He lost his will
And his former skill,
And was by Will
That nasty pill
Entirely kill,
And thus lost Lill.



So they buried Bill
On the lonely hill
Where the sparrows trill
And the whip-poor-will
Dips his thirsty bill
In the gurgling rill.

This poem was written in explanation of a lonely unmarked grave at the side of the Caribou Road. You can't say it doesn't rhyme.

Tolling the Knell

In an exchange we noticed the following modern version of Gray's "Elegy":

"The curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
The line of cars winds swiftly o'er the lea,
Pedestrian plods his absent-minded way
And leaves the world quite unexpectantly." —High River Times.

AT THE TIVOLI

FRIDAY, DEC. 14th—Special Dance—Mel Hamill's Orchestra—Admission 25c per person.

SATURDAY, DEC. 15th—Regular Dance.

MONDAY, DEC. 17th—La Salle Hockey Club—Dance and Turkey Raffle—Admission 25c per person.

THURSDAY, DEC. 20th—Regular Dance.

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 21st—Special Dance—Mel Hamill's Orchestra—Admission 25c per person.

SATURDAY, DEC. 22nd—Regular Dance.

Mon. Dec. 24th, Grand Xmas Eve Dance

From 9 p.m. to 1 a.m., with Tivoli Orchestra

Admission 50c per person

TUESDAY, DEC. 25th—Special Xmas Dance—With Mel Hamill's Orchestra—Admission 25c per person.

WEDNESDAY, DEC. 26th—(If the City declares this day to be a holiday, there will be a) Special Dance from 9 p.m. to 1 a.m. Admission—Ladies 25c, Men 35c.

THURSDAY, DEC. 27th—Regular Dance.

FRIDAY, DEC. 28th—Special Dance—With Mel Hamill's Orchestra—Admission 25c each.

SATURDAY, DEC. 29th—Regular Dance.

Mon. Dec. 31st, New Year's Eve Dance

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FRIDAY, JAN. 4th—Special Friday Night Dance—With Mel Hamill's Orchestra—Admission 25c each.

SATURDAY, JAN. 5th—Regular Dance.

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MALE DRESS REFORM

By the Carpenter

It is strange that still today anyone should be found interested enough to turn aside for a second to spy out things which others wear. As a rule no one cares a hoot about what others think to be suitable or convenient in male clothes. But here is one who is disgusted with the whole business.

It is sad that mankind has suffered and sweated in uncomfortable and unsanitary clothing for generations. But it is sadder yet that our irreproachable sex has been put to shame by mere woman. We think ourselves so sane and competent, but when it comes to sensible clothing, we are generations behind the times. I have to hand it to the ladies—they've got us licked clearly as far as comfort and color are concerned, fairly and squarely. And, gentleman, this is true. Sorry as I am to state it, and though we may have set the economic or scientific worlds agog with our intellectual ponderings, we men have concocted the most stupid and idiotic type of raiment imaginable.

Let us examine the question. Take the case of the common hat, stetson or bowler. Now what earthly use are these sartorial atrocities? They do not keep the head or ears warm, nor do they add to manly beauty. A hat is unbearable on a hot day and useless on a cold day and it gets dirty and sweaty quickly. I ask you—what use are they, except perhaps to catch butterflies? A thing should have either beauty or utility, but this abomination has neither. Why not substitute something sensible in its place like a hat of shapeless felt material, smooth fitting, that could be rolled up when desired or pulled down over the eyes if the sun is too strong. It could even be folded up and stuck in the pocket if no longer needed. And in the winter time, why not wear a toque that could be pulled down over the ears and neck to keep oneself really warm? But we addleheads don't see it that way—better to endure the frost than to be mocked or laughed at!

There are many other features of male dress that are in dire need of reform. Why are men not more seasonable in their footwear? They should wear heavy comfortable boots in the winter, and light, white, well-ventilated shoes in the summer. Heavy socks are excellent for cold weather and light-weight woolen or cotton socks when it is warm.

But these things are a mere nothing as compared to what I am about to say. In all the history of the ages there has never been anything so ut-

terly insane and confounded incorporated in a garment as the vest and suit coat. These will go down in time as the biggest sartorial farce since the first dawned on this earth and some thousands of years hence the hills will reverberate with the laughter of the generations to come at the absurdity and inanity of our mawkish garb. The suit-coat and vest keep one warm—but much too warm. The coat is awkward, uncomfortable and restricts the slightest movement. Its tight fit prevents any air circulation, and the moment bodily activity is set up the garment becomes saturated with sweat. Why not substitute something sensible like a coat sweater or a blazer? These are loose fitting, comfortable and just as warm. They can be pulled tightly around the body or carried in the hand or over the arm. Also the cloth of a suit bunches at the elbows, shoulders and neck. Better yet, wear a pullover sweater for the cold weather. It is the most sensible one yet for winter wear. And then the pants—oh, well, I'll leave you the pants.

In continuing this reformation of male dress, I would do away with the shirt in the winter and the collar and tie forever and a day. They are instruments of the devil. A shirt isn't warm, and the collar and cuffs become dirty in no time. I have often wondered why men would submit to wearing the cursed things. If they wish to wear a collar and tie—why, let them. But why the shirt? Why not just the collar and a bit of material down the front to cover up the bare spaces? It is just as sensible. But don't try to figure why men do these things—you'll only get a headache. The collar is a sappy thing. It sticks into your neck when your head nods in lectures, or wears the skin off your Adam's apple—but no more. And the shoestrings known as ties are only good for Christmas presents. Why not chuck the whole business? An open-necked shirt is a fine thing in the summer—cool and comfortable—but why the winter-time?

It may appear on the surface that I spoof. But do I? One has only to watch a gentleman at a dance to know if he is comfortable or not. How flushed and hot he is—how red and sticky and ill-at-ease. Even a pig wouldn't be a martyr to such torture. And we poor saps in the dress of a head waiter are afraid to weather the scorn of some snob. Gentlemen, we are worthy of nothing but contempt. I say, let us do away with this absurd business. Why not adopt my suggestions. They might be a distinct improvement, and they certainly can't be any worse than the basis of our existing garb.

However, let us pass on to the principal theme of my argument. My main criticism of the male dress and man's clothing himself in general is purely aesthetic; his garments are invariably sombre, unoriginal in all points, commonplace and colorless. Convention has clothed us all in customary suits of solemn tone. Women alone have saved our artistic souls from utter darkness. And why? Men are really terrified of color. They are ashamed to be different than any other man. They shrink from any garment that singles them out as individual. Even the most courageous of males dare wear no more than a gaudy or an illuminated tip of the nose—and then in the face of damaging his reputation, so what?

Men of most other nations are not afraid of wearing colored clothes—only those in a few of the highly civilized and commercialized countries dare not do so. It might be well to examine the reason for this. It is more than a coincidence that in these countries woman has become emancipated and that man fears to clothe himself in garments of artistic effect and color. Women now have much influence in political and economic fields, and as they have come to the fore man is slowly fading into the background. As never before the effect of women's influence is moulding public opinion, and in the problem of dress man has lost his grip, faltered and fallen.

In my opinion women are responsible for the lack of artistry and color

BILGE

On Reading The Gateway

It was not with any hope of doing something unusual, nor did we wish to establish a tradition when we sat down sternly to read The Gateway for once. For it was our custom (and in this we believe we are not alone) to read our own lucubrations to be able to damn the proofreader for his sins of omission, to read "I Saw This Week" with detached boredom, and "For Men Only" with lagging inattention, to denounce "Casseroles" for its interminable filthy puns, to look at the pictures of football heroes in action, and to examine the portraits of college celebrities with our own self-satisfied superiority, and then to throw the paper with a sigh of self-righteous relief into the nearest wastepaper basket. It was with a feeling of penance and with some conscience-stricken sense of lacking true "esprit de corps" that we tried deliberately to read it through. But what with reports of Math, Physics, French, Architecture clubs and the truly "thrilling" addresses which must have commanded our listening senses, and what with chatty gossip about sportsmen (whose names and persons we knew somewhat vaguely), and long entertainingly verbose dialogues of Council meetings, it was quite too much. Sloth began once again to steal over us; a comfortable feeling of conscienceless laziness. Was it worth it? Letters to the Editor, Editorials themselves, and the Dear Co-ed Columns—all these, frantic space-fillers as well, we gulped down with an attempt to repress effort.

Then Bilge, we come to you, and you are the worst, "the least erected fiend that fell." "Drive!" did not kill you: you Bilged on with bi-weekly regularity (while Smick sang his love songs under the moon); you are not dead, if moribund.

To read or not to read, that is the question. To write or not to write, that is the problem. I merely wish to ask (and this to the enterprising reader who sees fit to peruse this Palladian dissertation), which is the worst sin—to write The Gateway and not read it, or neither to read nor write it? A few conscientious souls nurse it through the press (after a smaller few push pens to produce the required amount of copy); a still smaller few distribute it; enormous numbers grab after it frantically—it is their right, after all; every man to his rights—and the smallest number of all reads it. No blame to them. I too have tried and failed.

Blood transfusion has been tried (in the shape of competitions with financial emolument attached), poor worried editors have pleaded with recalcitrant, ambitious, but unwilling journalistic aspirants, to no avail. Whence cometh salvation?

in men's dress. Don't laugh, but think seriously about it. A few generations ago men's interests lay in many fields of activity—women's in few, mainly in clothes, cooking and children. And because a woman was not able to earn money or hold positions in those days she found it necessary by fair means or foul to persuade some man that his life would be barren without her—and her livelihood was assured. This was done by adorning and beautifying herself and enhancing or concealing her features or physical strong points or defects—i.e., making herself desirable and generally misrepresenting the facts. Don't let me give you the idea that women did this of their own volition. It was due to competition among women and demand of pulchritude on the part of men (good old supply and demand). However, what I maintain is this: women, having undertaken this business of beautifying themselves and having continued it for untold ages, assume that this is their prerogative—divine right and all that—belonging to no one else.

Now since women have become emancipated it has become increasingly difficult for men to associate with them on the old grounds to which they are accustomed. For the ladies have flaunted old traditions, and are kicking up their heels in the unsuspecting males' faces and generally pulling the wool over men's eyes. Due to their freedom, they are making demands with which man must comply or be ignored, and man has bent his neck under the yoke.

One of the outstanding demands is that male dress should be quiet, inconspicuous, unobtrusive and generally sombre. We must remove all items from our garments which might call attention to ourselves; we must divest our raiment of all that is colorful, artistic or even comfortable. It is nothing less than a peaceable system of boycotting. And why? Our sullen clothes make an excellent background for their dresses of gorgeous hues, and the heavy materials of our suits enhance the flimsiness of their gowns. They wear the crimsons, the mauves, the yellows and blues; we wear the grays, the browns and blacks. Women are the actors on the stage and we—the settings. Such are the terms foisted upon us. Let me illustrate this point. Everyone knows how Eve dressed in the Garden of Eden, but who can give accurate information about what Adam wore? No one. You don't know and I don't know. But whatever it was, I'll bet Eve said, "Why on earth did you pick such an awful color?"

Gentlemen, this is a lamentable state of affairs, but it need not remain thus. For with the help of a few courageous and rational males this could be quickly remedied. I do not wish to offend custom or to evoke a cheap flash of sensationalism. But if the wisdom of a habit or a convention cannot be justified, then it is best done away with and something new placed in its stead. A neat and happy-looking garment such as suggested, I am sure, would be a great improvement both in utility and beauty. As it is, man's dress is a symbol of apology and penitence rather than of praise. Arise! O man, doff the rags of oppression and don the raiment of the gods! (We must have bread first, but there is a lot to be said for a circus.)

Halan and Fraddie

"Halan and Fraddie" made a brief appearance in The Gateway back in 1928 over the initials N.I. The present writer is attempting to bring them back to life. How long they live again is up to the editor. Vode.)

"Yi yi, yi, Halan, dollink. Iss a lonk time since I'm seekin you, ain't it?"

"Yeh, Fraddie, mine switthott, were was you since yesterday? Was chit-tink?"

"Dunt esking, Halan dear. It just couldn't wasn't wot I should chitt on you. I got luff of you, switt goil. Didn't I teking you to de Prom? Oi, oi, oi, wot a dence."

"Was almost forgetting, Fraddie. A switt poy you iss. Bot big worry I haf got. Telling me dis—wot is it in de supper? Hem?"

"Iss dis a fec? Dunt worryin now. Heh, heh, it was rebbit. But not a word. Willie, 'Schullpoy' Scutt, he's asking me wot I should kipp it a sickrit."

"Ho, ho, ho, is filling better now. Truly, it was a dandy dence, Fraddie. Was seeing Silfer Chum wit de Wice-President? Wot a pair dey mek."

"Stop, end tak hidd a warning you should poking fun et mine pel Chim, wot he iss such a goot men frum basketball, frum rugby—"

"Heh, heh, I'm hearing it's chaster-field rugby. Wot a men. Yi yi, yi, yi."

"Stop it, you should mek wizz crecks like dat. You end I is begaged end you talking like cum. Iss mek, I em."

"Ho, ho, Fraddie. Cum now. You iss some shik, too, ain't it?"

"Heh, heh, tink so, Halan, switthott? Coming closer, dear."

"Hull right, dollink. Bot be careful end tek hidd a warning. Dunt be gatching frash or wot I'll gonna slep you."

"I bag paddon, Halan goil. Iss a goot led from now on, ain't it?"

"Hed batter be, mine swittie-pie."

"Halan, dear, mine mudder iss say, 'You should try end being a chentlemen! Iss dis a fec, I em?'"

"Heh, heh, Fraddie. You iss slick. Pessing de chelly binss. Is it dey haf no chocluts?"

"Was hearing abutt de Getway scendle?"

"No, wot iss?"

"Appearing dat de Getway iss brekking de Union typewriter end Hughie Harnuld, from the Enforcement Committee, iss to deciding who iss paying for it."

"President Hart Beerweggen iss esking de Getway should paying for it, end Dug McDermitt, de Heditor from the Getway iss saying 'Nuts.' So iss a big cut. Henk Riley end Deek Pains iss heggling pro end cum from en hour end nududy knows wot. Bot, Halan, it was det de Heditor end de steff from de Getway iss all from quitting. Chust tink, Halan, it should be no Getway end I'm not seeing you yet some more."

"Yi, yi, yi, dunt telling me, Fraddie. Iss dey quit? Oi, oi, mine heart. Pessing de chelly binss."

"Dunt fearing, Halan. De Getway iss coming out again end we iss hokay, ain't it?"

"Yi, yi, Fraddie, was a scare. Hey. Stop you should holding my hend like det. End be telling a story now."

"Yeh, dollink. Should I telling you de dite in front from Christmuss—about how in de house on Christmuss Iv not a critcher was stirring?"

"Oi, oi, dunt telling me now. Saving it for Christmuss Iv. Telling me instad hull about 'Chek end de Binstuk.'"

"Hit appears dere was once a small poy by de nem of Chek wot was living with si poor mudder end—"

"Oi, oi, iss coming Mees Dudd! On mit de hobbershoss, mit de hobbercoat end he het, else she should cetching you hafter ten thutty in Pembina. Gut-bye, dollink, should be telling me hull about Chek end his poor mudder next time."

"Oh, ho, Fraddie, iss some slik kisser. Wot a shik! Gud-bye, plizz."

—VODE.

ATTENTION, FRESHMEN!

All Freshmen are earnestly requested to pay their class fees as early as possible. This appeal is made especially to non-resident students, who are asked to get in touch with a member of the executive as soon as convenient. Kindly bear in mind that unpaid Freshmen are automatically excluded from the Fresh Reception and a place in the Year Book.

FRESHMEN EXECUTIVE.

The Junior Executive, in conjunction with Jack Cawston and Vic Meech, wish to take this opportunity to express its appreciation to Col. and Mrs. MacLeod and Mr. Eddie Wing for the valuable advice offered, and materials supplied for the Junior Prom motifs.

JUNIOR EXECUTIVE.

ON BEING DETACHED

Within the sacred walls of the institution of learning, the student is taught to cultivate the faculty of cool, detached thinking. And on the face of it, it is a beautiful, noble thought, saving the conscience. It does no doubt give this "objective" king such a gratifying sensation of superiority, such a feeling of "the untrodden brow" in the face of great turmoil and struggle. He likes to feel himself in the great procession of thinkers stretching far back to the distant fading past; he thinks of Aristotle and Spinoza and Kant, and cherishes his dream of truth the while.

All this is the direct result of the trite pleasantness of liberalism which have been fed to the humbly recipient student. I need not rehearse in excited language the denunciations of democracy which are the commonplace of everyday conversation, nor need I repeat the platitudes that the Great War has destroyed all conceptions of value, moral, social, political and religious. There has been too much of that sort of tragedy-mongering. But I must repeat that action is essential. The cynicism of youth is a mild matter for laughter compared with the pretence of academic aloofness and objectivity engendered in it by the steady inoculation of liberal doctrine.

For what does academic objectivity achieve in the world of action? An unconscious desire to preserve at any price the "status quo." The liberal who is not a man of action or a politician, someone once said, is likely to be a windbag. In the troubled times in which we live, when reforms striven for in the nineteenth century are collapsing without even a fine clatter, when liberty is being curtailed, there is no place for the liberal, who is primarily academic and hence quite useless. There is something far more admirable in the excited fury of a Tory and the cold ruthless cruelty of a Communist, than there is in the cogitating of the fence-sitting liberal philosopher.

The liberal has popularized his enervating cause by adopting for his slogans the old popular catchwords of toleration, free speech, freedom of the press, and in recent manifestations, equality of opportunity, and its radical corollaries in socialist doctrine. It all has a fine sounding music to it, and the mind is lulled into smug complacency by its consoling melody.

But what are, in plain language, these abstract ideals of liberty, popularized by liberal prophets? Toleration, in the first place, is the concession we make to people (whom we secretly believe to be wrong-headed), to think as stupidly as they please. With this proviso: that they do not interfere with our mode of life. In other words, toleration has no application in action. It is the gospel for those who live in a delightful titillation of the mental faculties which never extends itself into the field of practical affairs. We do not tolerate action which interferes with a vital aspect of our own activity; in fact, we tolerate only actions which do not concern us vitally. Is it then worth defence?

But what are the pleas for free speech and a free press but pleas for some abstract good? The conservatives do not ask for it because they are perfectly contented with the existing state of affairs. Those who clamour for freedom of the press do so only that they may "abuse" it to their own ends. But such is the blatant hypocrisy of many radicals (and their lukewarm aiders and abettors, the "liberals"), that they campaign for freedom of the press, instead of using the direct method of approach, the insistence on right to print discussions of "new" principles of marriage, economics, and so on. And it is only as long as this superficial nonsense is continued that the academic liberal mind will find any anchor at all. He can and will campaign for abstract liberty, only as long as the issues are not vital; when they become so, he will have to become a partisan.

And that time is fast approaching. The present economic distresses of the world have presented as clear-cut issues, problems which were only vague and nebulous before. The appearance

of Fascism (with its appeal to the middle class ideal of security, but with its restriction of freedom) has, and will, put the bourgeois liberal philosopher in a "curious position." For the fascist mind has a disarming ruthlessness in its manner of defining the issue; liberal prevarication in the field of action has ended, we are told, in a flight to security in most cases. As the economic situation grows more serious, and the imminence of action more of a certainty, it is probable that there will be a pretty general scuttling back into the ranks of the preservers of the "status quo." For the liberal mind, with its fine, mental, and fastidious anti-physical and unmuscular view of life, dislikes also any form of violence. Few liberals will be found to man the barricades.

Our point is this: the mind can be so broad that it is flat, and so open that it is open at both ends. Suspension of action until all the facts are known may end with permanent suspension in mid-air. The fear of acting wrongly ends often in not acting at all. As long as there is no likelihood of the need of action, the detached academic philosopher will find a great public for his dissertations. But the student is growing suspicious, and it is an indication that the issues are becoming uncomfortably clear. For the disenchantment of present day life has led also to a realization that being detached is only a dream of yesteryear and a philosophy of timid inaction.

NOTICE RE VARSITY BALL

The Eighth Annual Varsity Ball will be held in the ballroom of the Palliser Hotel, Friday, Dec. 28th. Reservations may be given to David G. Ross. Tickets, four dollars per couple. Let's go!

Lest I Miss The Sunrise

Lest I miss the Earth's last sunrise I will linger on the hill:
And my shade will haunt the grasses
Though the rustling blades be still.
With the wind through swaying birches
I will wander night and day
Through the woodlands to the rivers
By the world's most lonely way.

With the evening star at nightfall
I will keep my watch alone
With the throbbing, waiting heavens
For a lost soul to atone.
Lest I miss the Earth's last sunrise
I will linger on the hill,
Though my vigil be unending
Let my soul be never still.

—Robert Hazelmere.

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THE CALICO CAT

I'm on a fence. To be quite exact, I'm on the third rail of the fence behind the grid-wearing my very nicest shell-pink and mauve pre-mink ensemble—and darn cold it is, too. As I was saying—I'm on a fence because I sort of got used to the deary beloved institution thinking all the time it was a university and now it appears to be a chameleon. At least, the last time I was around it was all gay oriental colors and so terrifically Chinese you could smell the incense and see the Buddhas. Now everyone is skidding up and falling downstairs with such beatific smiles all the time you just know that the Christmas Spirit is upon them—if you sniff real hard you can get a very mild whiff of cedar—and everything that isn't a cheery red is simply bound to be evergreen (but no gold).

Just to be popular I actually spent a huge sum of monies on a great, enormous red bow for myself—and what do you think happened? I got nabbed and jailed under suspicion as a Communist. Ah, me! A cat's life is a hard one—few people really realize just how hard it is—they just go blindly ahead never pausing to think of the faithful purr-sion waiting patiently at the hearth-side.

It's the same every day of the year, but somehow it all feels so much harder to bear of a Christmas. Some-

thing is purchased for every member of the family—lettuce for the canary and fish food for the turtle, but when it comes to Sweet Puss, Dear Puss—well, she can just go hungry—and of course it's too bad but you can't spend all your time worrying about cats. Even poems are written with this presupposition.

"'Twas the night before Christmas, and all through the house,
Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse"

—no, sir, not a creature stirring—except a poor, disillusioned cat with nothing to live for and less than nothing to live on. Clustered Hollyberries—how I suffer!

Oh dear! Now I'm getting bitter and that is always too bad. They say bitterness is a symptom of a poor liver or something—and that's all ridiculous because who ever heard of a cat that given half a chance, didn't manage to be a darn good liver?

Or maybe that would have been better left unsaid. Maybe, who can tell?

But think nothing of it, friends. I'm used to the hard cruelty of civilization, and I can bear it—in fact, to show just what an altruistic spirit I am, I'm organizing the Krooning Kitties to serenade each and every professor on Christmas Eve, and should you care to join us, I'll be the one with the striped muffler and the mistletoe in my cap so be sure to introduce yourselves.

—AND A HAPPY NEW YEAR

All the mad, delightful excitement of the Christmas season is creeping up on us despite exams. To keep one's mind firmly fixed on the childish strategies of Roland some centuries and centuries ago when the rustle of tissue paper is in our ears and the gloss of holly leaves is everywhere. The distracting mood of "shall-I-or-shan't-I" comes upon us when we want to go shopping—but a mental image of Professor X rises before us, stern and forbidding. Suddenly we turn again to our books, offering a silent prayer of thanks that Santa Claus is not an erudite personality.

Psychologists, with that air of amused superiority peculiar to the species, possibly give tongue-twisting technicalities for the lure of tinsel, plum puddings and greeting cards. But whatever it is, it's fun! All the talk about unselfishness at Christmas is sheer nonsense. If we're charitably minded, who gets the more pleasure out of a button-eyed teddy bear, the blasé co-ed who buys it or the freckled lass who receives it? The co-ed of course! Most co-eds have an inexplicable affinity for teddy bears.

So the holidays will come at last, and with them sleep, parties, a superabundance of good things—and a bilious attack. The latter arrives usually just in time to propel us into the New Year, remorseful and very resolute about good behavior in the future.

Good wishes come in gaily beribboned parcels, in heaven-sent cheques, in cards and letters and by friendly greetings—we take this opportunity, since we've mislaid our cheque book, of extending our sincerest wish that your Christmas may be very happy and your New Year not unduly merry.

FROM 7 TO 7

Overheard at the Dance

Speedy Williamson (during Cinderella hop)—I wish I could remember which stocking had the hole in it!

Christmas morning will see approximately one hundred bright and happy (?) nurses spreading Christmas spirit at 5 a.m. throughout the hospital. Carol practises are well under way under the able direction of Char. Nix.

Foremost exponents of facial pulchritude, the nurses look upon the day on which Year Book pictures were taken as a gala one for class beauties.

According to Soph Green posing for a picture takes place as follows:

The victim seats herself upon a chair padded with spikes and turns her body at an angle of 90 degrees to face a southerly direction. The head is next tilted on one side, then turned till it faces due north. Without moving head or body the poser looks at an object directly behind her—closes her mouth (so that her face may be seen), and then Smiles! After three such sittings the subject is fully qualified to be a professional contortionist.

Overheard in the Dental Room

Ernie whitmore to Jake Balfour—Don't bother to open your mouth any farther—I intend to stand outside when I fix your tooth.

The difference between a rhinoceros and a hippopotamus is that one has a radiator cap.

FAIR EXCHANGE

It's not so much a question of fairies—it's more a matter of "do you believe in Santa Claus and if so why?" I mean seriously. Are people really wholeheartedly enjoying the hustle and scurry of shopping, or are they privately wishing the famous "jolly old" would stay up the chimney, where he came from and never bother them any more? Isn't it really getting to be more a problem of what did Mary Anne give you last year, because if it was a hankie, a nice tawful card will do in return, but if it was, as you fear, that valuable first edition you'll have to do something really big about it, and you know darn well you can't afford it the way things are? Now is the time, I suppose, for sundry good folk to quote sweet platitudes about Christmas Spirit and its being more blessed to give, etc., but aside from the big boost it gives to business, isn't it all a bit over-drawn?

You'll find, in fact, many a reason for believing that it's all rapidly vanishing (and "let'er go, let'er go, God bless her!" sings he of St. James's Infirmary—but please, moan I, please continue to make plum puddings and long may they blaze! Take, for example, Easter. When I was a child—"Twas many and many a year ago, in a kingdom by the sea," murreth the old, old man with the quavery voice as he strokes his long white beard and a reminiscent tear trickles down his wrinkled cheek—or maybe it was a wrinkled tear trickling down his reminiscent cheek—in any event, as I was saying, when I was a young and innocent chee-ild, Easter was the big event of the year. The bunny seemed to hide the most miraculous presents in the most amazing places, and life was one grand and glorious mystery. But what do we find today? Easter means, to the blasé youngster who can't remember pre-N.R.A., the end of Lent (a season he didn't bother to keep anyway) and an excuse to eat more candy than is good for anyone. Where did it go—that thrilling Easter of the good old days, and wherever it went isn't it quite possible that in a few years Santa Claus will silently fold up his tent and just as silently steal away into that same oblivion?

A certain young miss at Varsity is already promising to send pieces of Kleenex to everyone liable to send her a gift—as a subtle hint that she can't even afford to send them the linen handkerchiefs of yesteryear. So what next?

After all, in most countries of the world Christmas season is not such a wild time for doling out the sort of gifts you don't care so much for yourself, but if the person who's going to receive it doesn't like it either, it will be just too bad because it was all you could afford, and he or she will just have to exchange it or hide it away until next year when it can be passed on to some other poor soul. Take away commercialization and high powered advertising, and the highly publicized Christmas spirit, I fear me, would soon vanish and we'd all get back to a saner way of celebrating what started out to be a season of festivity—but of religious festivity.

It's all very well to guffaw now, but it could all quite easily happen—and some Christmas when you wake up to discover that reindeer and sleighs are no more and nothing is left around the place but Faith, Hope and Charity, don't forget that once upon a time, 'way back when, you were warned by one-who-knew.

—We will now sing, "It came upon a Midnight Clear," and everyone please join in. . . —C. C.

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DRIVEL

There is one radio program which we think will make even the most blasé undergraduate forsake his accustomed attitude of sophisticated boredom and give vent to a few hearty belly-laughs. It is the "Town-Crier" which comes on between 7 and 7:30 on Sunday night over the Columbia network. Alexander Woolcott, of course, with his delightful drawl, tickles us right up and down the spine. He begs us to pardon his vague reminiscing for he is now in his "anecdote" age. Tonight he was inveighing heavily against the excesses to which people go in their love for dogs, and told several very amusing stories to illustrate his point. He admitted, however, that he couldn't help thinking with pride of a particular bulldog owned by, or as he said he had better put it, who owned an old school teacher of his. This dog is named after him, and lists among its accomplishments the art of smoking a pipe. From this he wandered on to speaking of old classmates of his in Central High in Philadelphia, one of whom was none other than Ed. Wynn, "The Firechief." He told of how they always give their old school yell when they meet. Once it was in the lobby of a very fashionable hotel. Shortly afterwards Ed moved to a new hotel. Mr. Woolcott hastened to assure us that it could not have been on account of this, because in most hotels there are only two rules: firstly, no opium-smoking, and secondly, guests must bury their own dead. If you want something really original in radio programs, tune in some Sunday night. We feel sure that you will be as charmed and delighted as we were by his refreshing comments.

Having heard it said by several English students that they were frankly shocked or should we say nonplussed, by the lusty humour of some of the

18th century novels, we set to thinking about it. Judging from the enthusiastic reception with which these stories met with in their own time, we may be tempted to believe that their moral standards must have been a lot looser than our present-day ones—much as we love to boast of our modern freedom of thought and broadmindedness. It must be that we are still having a hangover from the Victorian period which carried moral prudishness to such an extreme. It is an interesting thought.

We came across a very interesting book the other day. It is R. Brinsley Johnson's "Manners Makyth Man," in which are collected selection from great English diarists, dramatists, novelists and letter-writers down to the end of the 19th century. It is extremely well-edited, and gives one an excellent panoramic view of English life, manners and customs throughout the centuries. Very entertaining.

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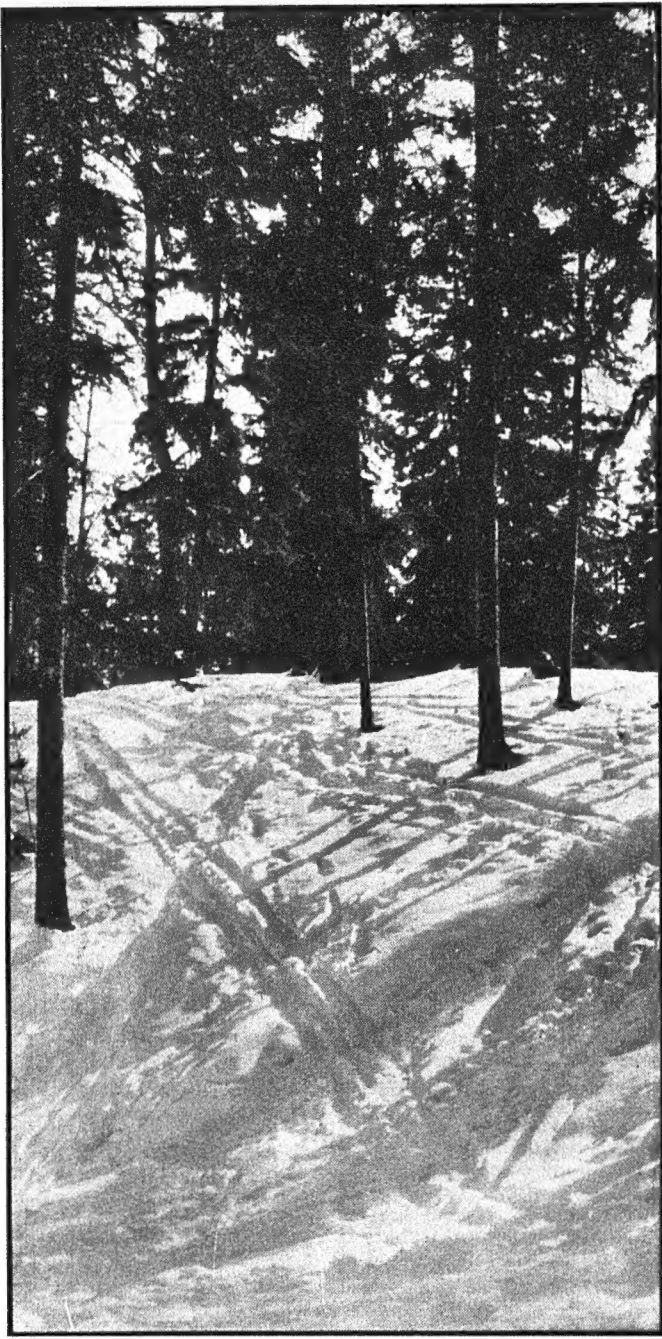
Extend to

their customers and friends the

Season's Greetings & all good wishes for

CHRISTMAS & the NEW YEAR

CO-ED COLUMNS



NOEL

Bless all the little white things, Holy Mother:
 Dream a white magic on the winter roofs,
 Spread a wide net for silver reindeer hoofs,
 Blow the soft woodsmoke up the chimney-throat,
 Twist it in waves against the blue moon-boat;
 Spill the hoar frost, like slanting silver rain
 In fairy cities down the window-pane;
 Touch the horned owl, the rabbit, and the mouse,
 The silver pheasant, and the timid grouse—
 All sweet-mild things, tonight, which seek the cover.
 Bless all the little white things, Holy Mother.

MARGARET MOORE MEULTMAN.

Laughing Their Way

By Mary Ritter Beard and Martha Bensenly Bruere

For years people have made quite definite statements about American history—what has made the country great—what American men have done, how and why they have done it, and so on and on. But strangely enough, all the while these people have been making generalizations about the great American male, they have carefully avoided the issue of what American women have been doing all the time their men-folk were blustering in the Senate and upholding the Monroe Doctrine. The mystery has been solved—it seems that all the time they were enjoying themselves hugely—laughing at their husbands, their families, their friends and chiefly at themselves.

The authors, themselves extremely versatile modern American women, have given us an intelligent collection of the humor of women writing and drawing since the early nineteenth century. For the first time someone has dared to suggest that sophisticated moderns might be interested in the "Widow Bedott Papers" and in Ann Stephen's Jonathan Slick letters. And oh, how successful that someone—who-dared has been. The book is grand—such good fun and such a varied collection.

To start with there were those charming lady-like ladies who loved their homes, but didn't mind satirizing them. Only, being extremely decorous, they of course had written mainly under pen names.

These were followed by the local colorists of the South—Grace King, Cora Harris, Ruth M. Stuart, and best loved of them all, George Madden Martin, who told the world about Emmy Lou in "Her Book and Heart."

And then in a few years everything was feminism—the field was filled with "new women"—and the country was suddenly suffragette-conscious. This all gave the talented young ladies something new to write about—and they certainly took advantage of all opportunities. "My Opinions and Betsy Bobbet's" by Samantha Allen (really Marietta Halley) is perhaps the most famous of these "humor with a purpose" articles, but there are plenty of others represented in this gorgeous book.

The moderns are much better known, of course, but they aren't neglected because of that. We find them all—Dorothy Parker, Katherine Dayton,

Isobel Paterson, Tyra Samter Winslow, Cornelia Otis Skinner, Anne Cameron, Anita Loos and so on and on and on—with even selections from Gertrude Stein's "Autobiography of Alice B. Toklas."

The poetry of Emily Dickenson, Edna St. Vincent Millay and Nathalia Crane and the verses of more than a dozen others form an amazing section. For instance, did you ever think of the stately Phoebe Cary as "the wittiest woman in America" (that's what Barnum, who ought to have known, called her)? I didn't either—but wait till you read her "Poems and Parodies." At the turn of the century Carolyn Wells was the favorite parodist—and to prove it, here's the first verse of her parody on Rossetti's "The Blessed Damozel"—it's called "The Poster Girl!":

The Blessed Poster Girl leaned out
 From a pinky-purple heaven;
 One eye was red and one was green;
 Her bang was cut uneven;
 She had three fingers on her hand,
 And the hairs on her head were seven.

The highbrows who took time off for fun, those who, like Alice Hegan Rice and Myra Kelly, wrote human interest stories, and that bluest of blue-stockings Agnes Repplier (not to mention "Tish" in all her glory as Mary Roberts Rhinehart's immortal contribution) are all amply represented, and the book is chock full of the grandest drawings—everything from early hook rugs, through suffragette cartoons and Rose O'Neill's Kewpies to those very modern moderns whose stamping ground is the "New Yorker"—Helen E. Hokinson, Mary Petty and Alice Harvey. Added to all this, the two authors have added interesting little comments on each of the ladies whose works are included, and all in all it's the sort of a book you can't help but enjoy, and the sooner you read it the better because a skimpy little review couldn't possibly begin to do it justice.

—M. J.

THE NEW ART

Take any paper or magazine which devotes most of its space to advertising (not The Gateway) and read it through. One can acquire a general knowledge that would completely baffle an intellectual—tragedy, romance, comedy. The fulfillment of a plutocrat's wishes, the despair of poverty, the dream of a gourmand and the delight of an epicure; the paradise of the realist and idealist alike. The fat girl puts it down, beaming with hope; the thin girl has gained pounds in the turning of a page.

These advertisement artists set the pace for an entire nation, and have established an illustrative art that knows no law but originality, but which frequently attains real beauty. A theatrical beauty, if one will, as the cover design for the December Harper's Bazaar, the Dorothy Gray cosmetic page in almost any magazine, or Coty's rather delicate imitation engravings.

A collar-ad man has become the co-ed's ideal, the cigarette girls have found a place in the hearts of seemingly unsusceptible bachelors. One can attend first nights, dinners, dances, with suave and sophisticated companions, or ski and skate with effortless ease in the chick of the latest sporting togs.

One puts away the magazine and dashes out to buy Listerine, Cadillacs, ermine coats, Black and White whisky and a ticket to Miami. Somehow or other one never gets past the Listerine. A few dimes, a street-car ticket, a penny stamp and some cigarette cards as a down payment on a Cadillac doesn't impress a salesman the least bit. Try it some time.

These new artists have a psychology that is uncannily penetrating, an aesthetic sense they can vary at will and the most black-hearted of philosophies. "Clever" is an adjective applied to so many things nowadays that one hesitates to apply it again—but it fits in so well here. They are clever, sometimes subtly and sometimes blatantly so. One can't help but be thumbs up for them when one examines the field they have so rapidly developed, and in which they have not yet achieved their greatest triumphs.

Colour, style and line will be more and more guilefully used to lure the unwary man-on-the-street to eat his porridge in the mornings and his wife to wash her face at night. It's a great stunt. Surely the fertile brains of Arts students could reap a large reward here. All it needs is imagination and Psych. 51. Why not try it?

—F. M.

THE THEATRES

STRAND THEATRE, Wed., Thurs. and Friday, Dec. 19, 20, 21—Joan Blondell in "Kansas City Princess."

EMPRESS THEATRE, Thurs., Friday and Sat., Dec. 20, 21, 22—Tom Brown in "Bachelor of Arts" and Pat Patterson and Nils Aster in "Love Time."

PRINCESS THEATRE, Wed., Thurs. and Friday, Dec. 19, 20, 21—Dick Powell and Ginger Rogers in "Twenty Million Sweethearts" and William Powell in "Dragon Murder Case."

RIALTO THEATRE, Tuesday, Dec. 18th, to Dec. 20th—Jack Holt in "Black Moon"; Dec. 21 to Dec. 24, "Successful Failure" and "Maid of the Mountain."

THE CEDARS

All down the years the fragrance came,
 The mingled fragrance with a flame
 Of cedars breathing in the sun,
 The cedar-trees of Lebanon.

A thirst of song in bitter air
 And hope, wing-hurt from iron care,
 What balm of myrrh and honey, won
 From far-off trees of Lebanon!

Not from these eyelids yet, have I
 Ever beheld that early sky,
 Why do they call me through the sun!
 Even the trees of Lebanon!

—Josephine P. Peabody.

"VIVE LA FEMME"

"Division of labor must be by aptitude and ability, not by sex; if a woman shows herself capable of political administration, let her rule; if a man shows himself to be capable only of washing dishes let him fulfill the function to which Providence has assigned him."

This platonic laconicism is surrurant music in the co-ed ear. Does the co-ed mind vacillate? Just one week ago she attended the Open Forum where she concurred with gusto that woman's place is in the home! Can she reconcile this conviction with the secret titillation which she experiences at Plato's demand for equality of opportunity in this male-ridden world? Yes, the reconciliation may be made without compromise. Although the home should be the centre of a woman's life, it should not be her circumference!

The co-ed shares Herbert Spencer's fear that the maternal instinct for helping the helpless may lead woman to favor a paternalistic state. If this apprehension is valid the fault will be in the present inequality of higher educational opportunity.

Have we not been laboring under the delusion that today there exists educational parity? Equality!—when the endowment of leading colleges for men is to that of leading colleges for women as nine or ten is to one. Equality!—when there are little or no opportunities for self-help open to women undergraduates.

Great wealth is usually in the hands of men, and the great benefactions are given to men's colleges. Even when women make bequests it is seldom in the interests of their daughters—no, rather in the interests of their sons and fathers! In 1932, thirty times as much money was given to men's colleges as to women's.

Have we any explanation for this undesirable condition? We may attribute it to the fact that the accession of women to learning is too recent an accomplishment to yet be firmly established in the public mind.

"Equality with diversity"—this is our plea! If a liberal education is a desideratum for the young man, so much more so is it a necessity for the young woman. The present disparity should be reversed! Woman is the "chief conservator of culture," and the true pedagogue of our youth.

"Disguise our bondage as we will
 'Tis woman, woman rules us still."
 Let us should have polluted this panegyric with unsavory feminism, we shall conclude with a modest quotation: "The perfect woman is a higher type of humanity than the perfect man—and also much rarer."
 —M.

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 (THE ART LEAGUE STUDIO)
 Over the Empress Theatre
 SPECIAL ATTENTION GIVEN TO YEAR BOOK PHOTOGRAPHS

TWO BUSINESS INSTITUTIONS WITH
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 L. G. Balfour takes great pride in the uniting of its service
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HENRY BIRKS & SONS, LTD.
 Individual service will be rendered to each Fraternity member

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KING EDWARD CAFE AND ROSE ROOM

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REGULAR SATURDAY NIGHT DANCES

Cover Charge 25c

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FULL COURSE
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 50c

FULL COURSE
 NEW YEAR DINNER
 50c

WISHING YOU

A Merry Christmas

AND A

Happy New Year**THE T. EATON CO. LIMITED****JOHNSON'S—the leading CAFE**

Corner 101st St. and Jasper Ave.

EXTENDS

SEASON'S GREETINGS TO FACULTY AND STUDENTS

Christmas Dinners

Special Attention to Holiday Dinner Parties

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STUDENT LIFETo look your best, send your clothes to the
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Leave your bundle in the Hall Office. We call for and deliver

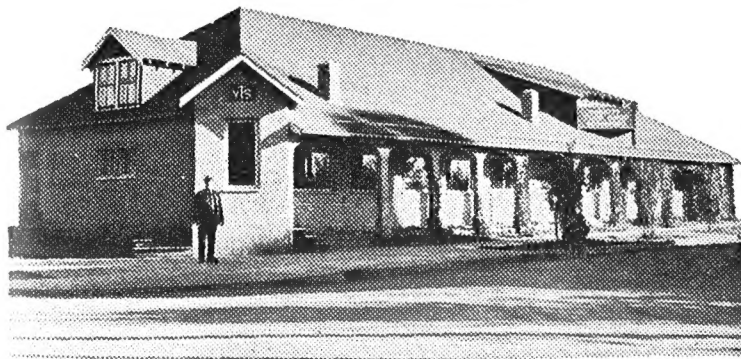
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DEPARTMENT OF EXTENSION

Liberty and Self-Reliance

By David G. Ross

The 20th Century has been a century of mind chaos. We have lost our belief in tradition; religion no longer occupies its former place in a man's life; old ideals are being exchanged for new, or merely forgotten. Every day brings forth new philosophies in art and literature, in politics and economics, and even in the sciences. The absence of any absolute faith or hope, the recent state of fear and insecurity, the vast growth and complexity of knowledge, leave the individual dissatisfied, helpless and confused. We can see many reasons for this—the new power-machine development, and rapid transportation and communication changing old modes of living; the widespread diffusion of small morsels of education to the mass through public schools, movies, the radio and the press, making the "ignorant" "opinionated"; the demoralization and confusion of values brought about by the World War, and our present universal depression removing what is perhaps man's most necessary element toward happiness—security.

The very existence of such a condition of mind, when it is so difficult to be patiently sane, makes it all the more necessary that we give the utmost consideration to old long pursued ideals, before we discard them. Of one thing we must be particularly careful—that we do not accept systems of thought. It is such an easy way out of complexity, more especially as systems usually have an apparent consistency due to an obvious standard or ideal. But there is no single standard or group of standards to which all else can be attuned, let alone sacrificed. By this I mean that the panacea for our ills will not be found in any one philosophy, but that we must seek separately those ideals we wish to preserve, find separately in which philosophy the best means is offered for preserving each, and by judicious eclecticism, selection of values and compromise, arrive at particular case results. Let system and consistency be forgotten in the process—they are not as important as our goal—and they will be found to exist in the end.

I wish to consider two old ideals that are rapidly disappearing today due to the state of mind which I have previously described, and due to an acceptance by this mind of new philosophies not consistent with these ideals. They are liberty and self-reliance. When I discuss the decadence of liberty and self-reliance I am doing nothing new. Periodicals, books and newspapers have been discussing the situation for some little time. The Imperial debate brought the subject even closer to the University. Yet I cannot resist continuing the discussion. It is of serious moment today.

Edging out liberty and self-reliance are the doctrines of collectivism, of totalitarianism, of planned economy in economics, of equalitarianism, and of self-discipline which conceives of the individual as "an organ for the good of the whole." There is no doubt that these doctrines are being pursued with the best of humanitarian motives, but I would maintain that they are shortsighted and in the long run can only defeat their purpose.

Let us consider these new doctrines as they are being applied today. I shall not draw upon Europe for such examples as Germany and Russia, where extreme cases of this new trend are found, and where there is not even a pretense at retaining any vestiges of liberty and self-reliance. But let us look closer home, to our American neighbor in fact, and consider the manner in which she is attempting to get out of the present economic depression. Her legislation has been humanitarian in avoiding considerable immediate suffering—will it be deemed humanitarian in the end?

In considering how depressions have been met in the past, I quote from H. Parker Willis, Professor of Banking in Columbia University: "The method which in years past has been adopted for correcting situations of this kind, whether local or national, general or limited, has been that of readjusting actual values. Goods which could not be sold at a given price per unit have been cut to a figure that would sell them. Property that could not pay the interest on its mortgage has changed hands, passing into possession of those who could 'carry it' at a lower value. Bonds whose issuers could not pay their interest have had to pass through a process of reorganization which lessened the burden to a point at which the bond-issuer could with good management expect to obtain enough income to pay his charges. The result has been a readjustment of values which enabled the financial organism to resume its performance of the old function upon a new and practical basis of relationship between borrower and lender, producer and consumer." England more than any other country has always practiced these principles, and today she has recovered more rapidly from the depression than has any other country.

The United States is trying planned economy in the form of "The New Deal." There Congress has erected the Reconstruction Finance Corporation to make loans to hard pressed banks, railroads, insurance companies, etc.; The Agricultural Adjustment Administration which gives the farmer relief from his mortgages; The Home Owners Loan Corporation, which is a new mortgage loaning agency; The Federal Depositors Insurance Corporation which gives a "handout" to depositors who kept their funds in unsound institutions; and perhaps other recovery institutions of which I am not aware.

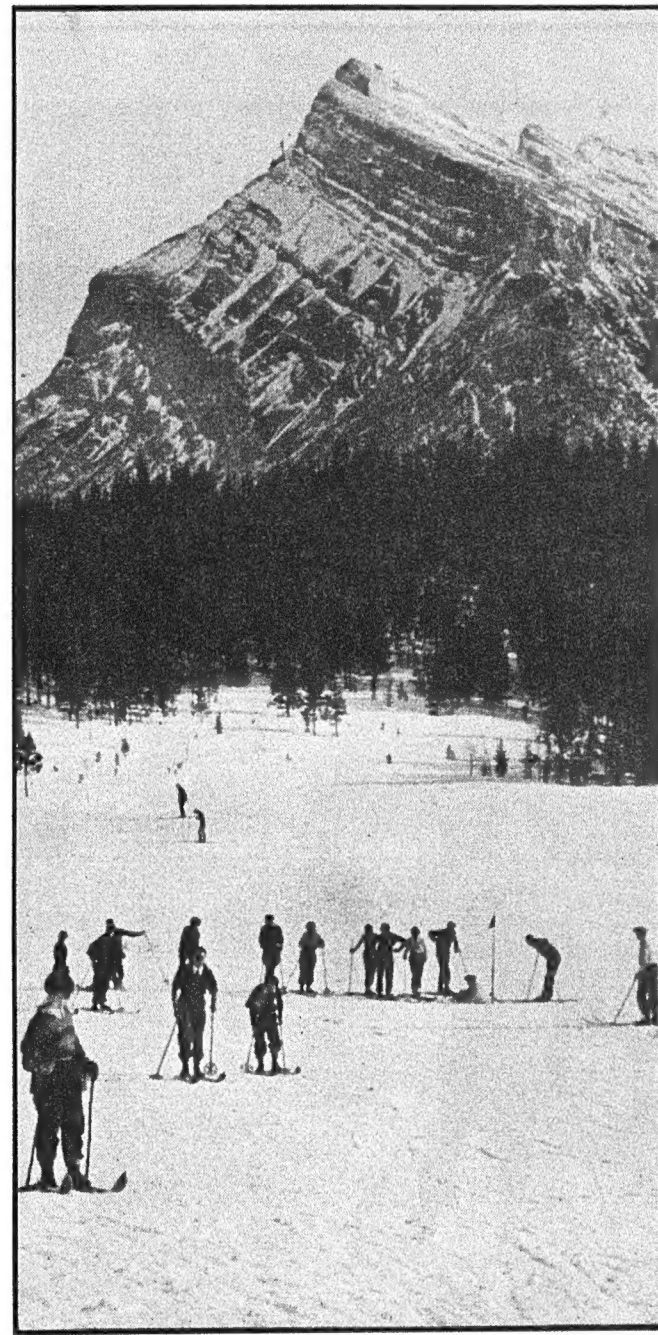
These corporations borrow their money from the Treasury and loan it "to those who have been unsuccessful in making ends meet, whether through lack of ability, carelessness or sheer misfortune." The system is maintaining "unprofitable and unproductive business enterprises." "It has prevented the financial organism from sloughing off its dead or useless parts and has continued to absorb into its system the poisons resulting from their retention." The loans have increased

the national debt so many billions that the people will be paying them off for several generations. This system is placing a premium upon inefficiency and failure. It is distinguishing against the inefficient producer. The National Industrial Recovery Act goes further and demands that the business man be inefficient. Here there is little place for liberty or self-reliance. Will this prove to be humanitarian in the long run? It perhaps may, though I think not.

The Canadian Government and the provinces have all introduced "depression legislation" of a similar nature, though not going so far as has the United States Congress. In Alberta we have legislation providing for "codes regulating trade practices," Debt Adjustment Boards, etc. I mention this to illustrate that we too are following this modern trend. And certainly there is nothing that could be more destructive of self-reliance than the "relief" that is being almost universally administered throughout Anglo-Saxon countries today. Liberty is quite destroyed by the absence of security produced by the depression, yet to bring back security—rather than pursue those methods which orthodox economists have pleaded for, those methods which have proven successful in history, we play around today in experiment with the above outlined schemes of "planned economy."

Roscoe Pound, Dean of the Harvard Law School, also points out that there is at present proceeding a socialization of the law. The old conception of individualism and "freedom of contract" are rapidly changing. The law is gradually placing a lesser duty of self-reliance upon the individual. However, I do not fear this trend in English law so much as I fear it in our other social institutions. Our common law treats particular cases, and along with the trend toward socialization of law there co-exists with it a trend toward justice in each particular case. It is just this treatment of particular cases as opposed to sweeping applications of particular systems of thought that I consider the proper road to progress.

I oppose Socialism as a system of thought, although I value certain of its principles. I cannot agree with the man who says that Capitalism has failed and that therefore we must discard it "lock, stock and barrel," and introduce an entirely new system. There have existed in Capitalism definite abuses and defects. We have a great many of these today, and we should examine each particular instance and correct them accordingly. Economists have been agreed for many years upon the major defects, and have offered solutions. Until these solutions have been applied we should be mad if we were to "throw over" our present long experience in capitalism in order to accept a new untried system, perhaps holding within its bosom many defects



common to capitalism and greater defects of its own. And we cannot have liberty until we have security. "Patched up capitalism" is the more likely road to security.

This brings me to the question of equality, a central principle of Socialism and apparently the main objective today. Newton D. Baker writes in the December Atlantic: "It was, no doubt, apparent to the philosophers who made the slogan of the French Revolution that liberty and equality, in any other sense than equality of opportunity and political rights, were not Siamese twins,

but are rather incompatible associates. Either grows, if at all, at the expense of the other. The more of either you insist upon having, the less of the other you must necessarily put up with. The liberal movement throughout the world devoted itself to an effort to preserve liberty against the encroachments of equality. This it sought to accomplish, not by artificial restraint upon equality, but by resisting every unnecessary restraint upon liberty. We have, therefore, had a society in which

(Continued on Page Eleven)

**LOUIS TRUDEL
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TO THE FACULTY AND STUDENTS

A Merry Christmas

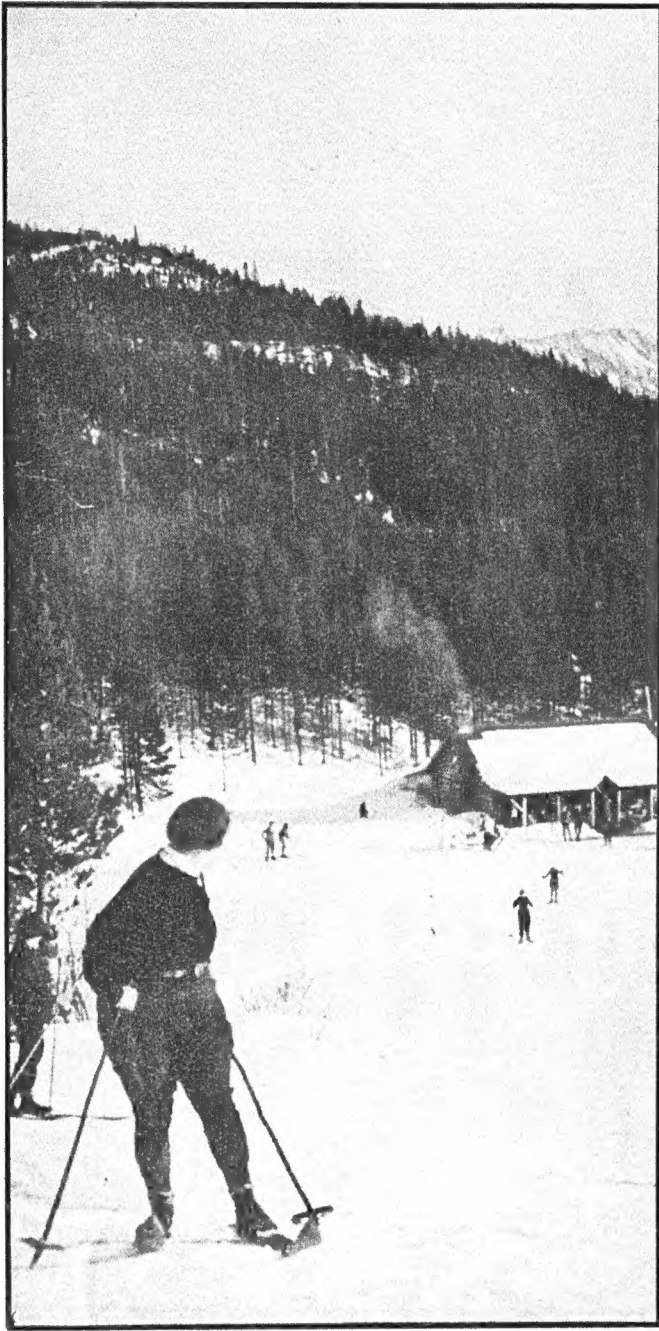
and

A Happy New Year

Albion Block, 10023-102 Avenue

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PACKERS RUN ROUGHSHOD OVER VARSITY; WIN 7-0

(Continued from Page Three)

snowball. For a time after this the Stuart clan just tried to tire our boys out, but finding that was no good, they went to scoring again, when Lammie slid into the Varsity cage on his ventral surface, the disc between his teeth—grim determination, eh? Bob Crossland felt that he needed another counter to his credit, so when Varsity staged a four-man rush he broke loose and slipping by Zender without mishap he

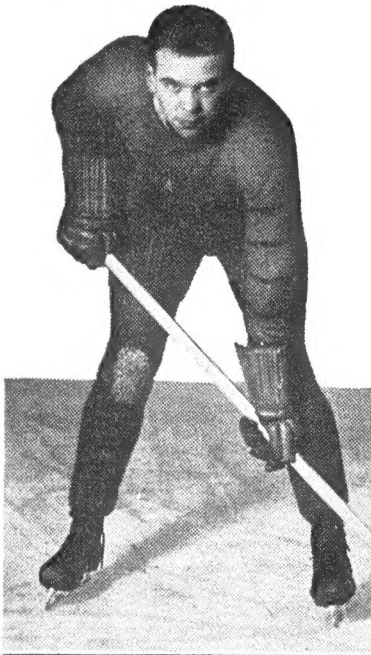
again fooled Maybank. The time was now nearly up, and Bus Brown wanted a goal, so our boys, being big-hearted as always, let him have one.

Although Varsity never got a single count, it must be said that Maybank, Stark and Zender did all that was humanly possible, while Dunlap and Ferguson did good work in forward positions.

The lineups: Superiors — Stuart, goal; defense, Montgomery, Faulder, Lammie; forwards, J. Brown, B. Brown, Jones, Crossland, Grove, Purcell.

Varsity — Goal, Maybank; defense, Stark, Zender; forwards, Ferguson, Dunlap, Woywitka, Scott, Gibson, Cruickshank, Gordon.

BRILLIANT FORWARD



JACK DUNLAP

SPORTING SLANTS

By Cecil Jackman

A Varsity rush—green and gold sweaters around the Superior net—the puck comes out—the crowd yells frantically, but the right man isn't there, or if he happens to be he shoots—no hand goes up—just another "near" goal.

Such might be a brief account of what went on at the Superior end of the ice Tuesday night.

At the Varsity end Goalie Ralph Maybank showed that quality best expressed by a short, monosyllabic Anglo-Saxon word suggesting intestinal stamina.

That seven shots got into the goal was no fault of his, nor for that matter of the defence thrown up in front of him—if ever Jack Talbot was needed it was Tuesday night. The forwards worked hard, but their work lacked the precision displayed by the Superiors. Varsity had individual stars, yes, but no organized team play.

Although neither team observed the amenities of the drawing-room in the checking, the game was far cleaner than we have come to expect of the Superiors, only two penalties being handed out.

The Soops certainly look like the team to beat for the provincial championship, and unless Varsity can get some combination plays clicking it looks as though the green and gold would be left out in the cold so far as provincial hockey is concerned.

INTERFACULTY HOCKEY "A" LEAGUE

| | G. | A. | Pts. |
|-----------------------|----|----|------|
| Bob Gibson (A-C-L) | 4 | 1 | 5 |
| McCullough (Ph-Dents) | 4 | 0 | 4 |
| Henry (Meds) | 1 | 3 | 4 |
| Lees (Science) | 3 | 0 | 3 |
| Wallace (Meds) | 3 | 0 | 3 |
| McKee (Science) | 1 | 2 | 3 |
| Canty (A-C-L) | 2 | 1 | 3 |
| Younge (Meds) | 2 | 0 | 2 |
| Boles (Science) | 2 | 0 | 2 |
| Ussher (Arts) | 2 | 0 | 2 |
| Goodwin (Arts) | 2 | 0 | 2 |
| Hardacre (A-C-L) | 0 | 2 | 2 |

INTERFAC HOCKEY LEAGUE STANDING

| | W. | L. | Pts. |
|------------|----|----|------|
| Ag-Com-Law | 3 | 0 | 6 |
| Pharm-Dent | 3 | 1 | 6 |
| Science | 2 | 1 | 4 |
| Meds | 1 | 3 | 2 |
| Arts | 0 | 4 | 0 |

MOUNT ROYAL BOWS TO TECH.

On Tuesday, Dec. 11, the Mount Royal hockey team opened the season's schedule in the Intermediate City League when they lost a one-sided game with Tech by a 7-1 score. The game was much closer than the score would indicate. Tech fielded a heavier, more organized and more aggressive team, and in spite of Mount Royal's best efforts, really deserved the game.

The first period opened furiously with much rushing and combination play on the part of both teams, with Tech having a slight edge. Henker, who performed sensationally, saved the Royals, and the period ended scoreless.

As play began in the second period, Mount Royal on the first rush scored on a pretty combination play engineered by Souter and Hanan, Hanan batting the puck past the Tech goalie. Tech, attacking vigorously, scored on a three-man rush which had Henker beat all the way. Tech scored again with a rebound from the fence which bounced over the goal and was deflected into the net.

In the final period, as Mount Royal pressed and made a futile attempt at reorganizing its team, which seemed to lack punch on the forward lines, Tech ran amuck, and with Mount Royal defence helpless, scored five successive goals. Henker was the outstanding player for Mount Royal, and saved the team from a more ignominious defeat.

If Mount Royal is to be a figure in intermediate hockey in this city, much organization and improvement is needed.

Goal, Henker; defence, Ragg, Souter, Miller, Hanan; forwards, Tennant, Holton, Chesney, Hunter, Pallesen, Fleming.

HISTORY OF CROFTERS TOPIC OF LECTURE

(Continued from Page Two)

in small six-oar boats and drift until their catch was large enough to cause them to return, now they have steamships, etc. Living accommodations are much changed, for the roofs are of slate instead of being thatched, and often now a second storey is added. A very vivid word picture of the inside of the early house was drawn by Miss Brown. These changes, however, have had their effect on the contentment of the people. While the old folk are still content, the young ones are eager to leave the home, to go elsewhere and try to earn their daily bread.

Following her talk, Miss Brown showed several more reels of moving pictures taken by herself, bringing out the various topics she had dealt with, showing the work of the crofter, his home, his fields. Scenes were shown of the "roving" of a sheep, taking his wool, which then processed by hand. Many pictures were shown of the feathered inhabitants of the islands. The main show of the evening was a four-reel picture of the life of the crofter, showing his work, love, etc. This play, entitled "A Shetland Lyric," had as its hero and heroine Mr. Gilbertson and a Scottish girl, and the saying that the course of true love never runs smooth was very well brought out. The story was very excellent in its presentation, and clearly showed the simplicity and self-contained life of the islander. It proved to be a perfect finish to a perfect evening, and Dr. Wallace's pleasure in thanking Miss Brown was shared by the whole audience.

GOOD DEFENCEMAN



BILL STARK

Pome

I think that I shall never see
A co-ed as lovely as a tree,
A tree whose limbs are brown and bare,
And has no dandruff in her hair.
A tree whose head is never pressed
Against someone else's manly breast;
And never tries to make you feel
As if you were a lowly heel.
Co-eds are made like fools, you see,
But it makes little difference.—Ex.

THE NEW STYLE OF HOCKEY

A new outlook on the game of hockey was presented to readers of The Gateway in the Sportettes column of Wednesday's issue. The co-ed sport commentator advances the theory that hockey is a game of defence and that success should be measured, not by the number of goals scored by the home team, but by the number of goals not scored by the enemy.

Our personal outlook always has been that this is a matter for comparative results. That it doesn't matter how many goals one's opponents collect just as long as one's own team clicks off at least one more. But this new idea opens up infinite possibilities in the way of new strategy and new methods of scoring.

Our first suggestion is that the use of forwards be abolished and that Varsity hockey clubs go on the ice from now on with five defence men and a goalkeeper. Under the new theory this would immeasurably increase the chances of the opponents not scoring and could be looked upon as a distinct triumph for the green and gold. Results could be measured by comparisons of goals against during the last few seasons. If fewer goals were scored against the Varsity this year than last year, then they should be declared champions.

This system would, of course, give no credit for the winning of any single game; rather it would take the long run view over the season, a much fairer way of scoring.

Some difficulty may be experienced in persuading the hockey association to adopt this plan, but there is distinct merit in it. It is probably as brilliant an idea as any co-ed sport writer has had for years.

ATTENTION. HOUSE ECCERS!

Editor, The Gateway.

With reference to the bottom, left-hand corner of the front page of Tuesday's Gateway, Dec. 11 (issued on Wednesday), we, the Engineers, have collected a number of interesting specimens, rock and otherwise, which we feel the public may be interested in.

Specimen No. 1.

Labeled "Fruit Cake," but determined as granite, with distinct phenocrysts of rice and raisins being extremely plastic.

Specimen No. 2.

Labeled "Fudge," determined as diorite (you won't if you eat this), with distinct phenocrysts of quartz in a groundmass of saltpetre.

Specimen No. 3.

Labeled "cookies," determined as gneiss (pronounced nice, but not nice).

Specimen No. 4.

A variable collection of "dropcakes," "silicakes," etc., which owing to the lack of Baking Power did not rise to our expectations.

Specimen No. 5.

An anaemic looking liquid labelled coffee was too weak to stir, and we regret that we will be in the same predicament on Thursday of this week at 4:30 p.m.

Thanking you just the same.
ENGINEERS.

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Students' Council Holds Another Lengthy Session

(Continued from Page Two)

respect. You'd have heard if you hadn't been so busy with those dices." "Can't I play dice if I want?" queried Epstein indignantly. "Gee, it's getting so a fellow can't do anything around here."

"If we don't walk softly we're going to make precious fools out of the Enforcement Committee and The Gateway and they'll resignate," warned Bierwagen. "Gentlemen, the time has come to speak frankly. Democracy is on trial. At this season of the year when our slogan should be peace and goodwill towards men, you chaps seem determined to rouse and maintain discord. What will Santa think?"

"I never thought of that," mused Burns. Bierwagen, seeing that he had struck a vulnerable point, pressed his argument home. Epstein, who doesn't believe in Santa Claus, refused to listen to reason, but the motion, which Tuck had made (see above, page 695) was put to vote, and passed.

The next item of business was to invest the executive committee with extraordinary powers for carrying on business over the Christmas season. Council granted this after Bierwagen pledged himself to see to it that no law suits would be got into.

Bierwagen then asked for a report from the Blazer Committee. "Have you anything to say?" he asked Borgeal. "Yeah," said Borgeal. "What's that?" "I asked you if you had anything to say about blazers?"

"What blazers?"

"You've been charged to investigate blazers. Report, sir."

A gleam of recognition came into Borgeal's eyes. "Oh, blazers!" he said. "I almost forgot. No, I haven't anything definite to report. The firm we're dealing with hasn't got model A out yet, so I think we can well afford to wait."

"When it gets here, let's have a luncheon some day before Christmas and decide on it, eh?" suggested Bierwagen to Council. "It's boiled down to one or two now and shouldn't take long to decide."

"I don't like boiled dinners," said Ted Donald humorously?

"It would be nice to have blazers to wear home to show the folks at Christmas the great work that we are doing here," said McIntosh.

Epstein jumped excitedly. "Wouldn't it," he exclaimed. "Boy, just imagine wearing it home. I know what I'd say. I'd say, 'Lookit, Pa, Lookit!'"

Mr. Bierwagen spoke next of Year Book photos. He said that the University Studio complained of a great falling off in patronage, saying that students were all getting their pictures done downtown, and if it kept up, the Department of Extension would go broke, and withdraw its facilities. Bishop, Evergreen and Gold Director, was asked to comment.

"Ask me some questions," said Bishop bashfully.

Burns said that students who went to the campus studio never knew what was going to happen, except that experience taught them to fear the worst, so they preferred to go downtown, though it was more trouble.

Borgeal, who is a sentimental fellow at heart, felt that we owe a lot to the University Studio for setting itself up. Someone asked if they thought their pictures were as good as the downtown ones, and Tuck said they thought they were better. When Council got out of the aisles, Bishop said that there was unfortunately no comparison between the local pictures and the others.

"Well, it seems to me that one time you can go to five different places and—I mean there's no—you don't know—at least—," said Miss Swallow.

"Yes, that's true," said Bierwagen.

"What can Council do?" asked Collins. "We can't make the students better looking than they are. What we need these days is honesty, and if the University Studio turns out honest portraits, all power to it."

"We can tell them to improve their carelessness," snapped Borgeal.

Epstein moved that Bishop confer in camera with the University Studio. Bishop, after finishing a story in the Cosmopolitan, went home.

Bierwagen rubbed his hands, and beamed as he announced the next item. "We will get busy analysing the Constitution right after Christmas," he said.

"There's a lot of patchwork to be done. Just what, we don't quite know. There are weaknesses in our Constitution, though we don't know just yet what they are. I want to appoint different people to examine different acts and sections. If we look busy, maybe the student body will forgive us our trespasses. They might even forget the lawsuit."

He announced that he and Burns would tear the Enforcement Committee Act to pieces and see just what made it run, and that others could do likewise with the acts under their charge.

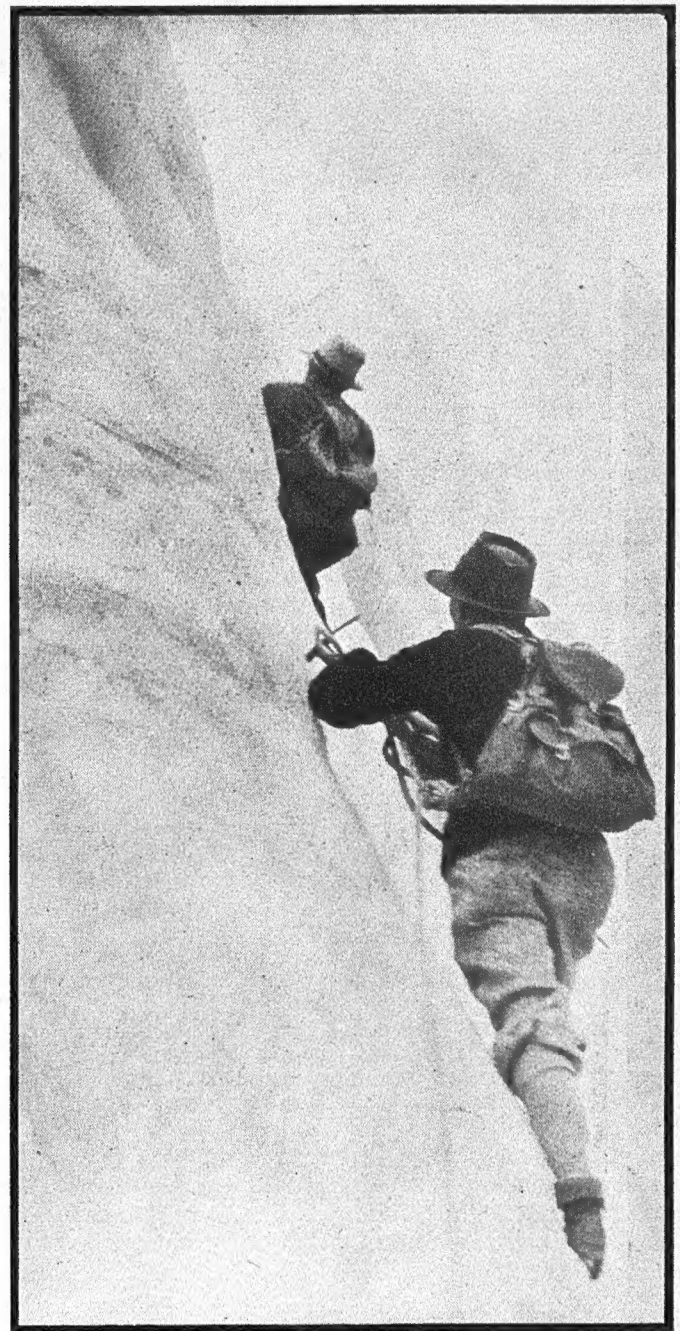
Mr. Tuck then read a very florid appeal from the President of the Law Society, beseeching Council to give into its hands the management of this year's Undergrad. The letter, in Taurasian vein, threatened to put on a dance "different to any formal hitherto heard of."

As there were no other applications, Council, after consulting various precedents, decided that it would be in order to render unto the lawyers what they had asked, and it was done. Wally Beaumont was made official boxing and wrestling coach at the same time, Council respecting the close relationship between the two items of business.

In regard to the Varsity Song, a complaint was registered about the delay in Fred Waring being urged to play the piece in Denver. Borgeal said that he was fed up with tuning in to KOA every night in vain. It was plain that Council's patience was wearing thin over this. But Bierwagen explained that the letter hadn't been sent, but would be soon on its way.

The last item on the agenda was a very delicate matter, and the Press promised not to say anything about it. In brief, it concerned the matter of student escapades downtown, if any should ever occur. The University authorities have in the past had a working agreement with the village constabulary, but the treaty has now expired, and is not being taken up, nationalistic sentiment being too strong these days. So students are warned that if they provoke the downtown authorities, they will be subject to the same discipline that ordinary citizens get, and need expect no intercession from the University. Council cheered this piece of intelligence, realizing that another block had been laid on the structure of responsibility and freedom.

Council then adjourned and fell to discussing informally what it wanted for Christmas, and whether or not there is a Santa Claus. Epstein led the negative, but was overwhelmingly defeated. And Council all wanted to wish everyone a Merry Christmas, so here it is. Merry Christmas!



LIBERTY AND SELF-RELIANCE

(Continued from Page Nine)

liberty was recognized as the highest good, and concessions from its completeness, recognized by occasional necessity, were required to be rigidly necessary before they were admitted. This we now are invited to reverse by making our main objective equality, and being content with such liberty only as for the moment does not appear to obstruct the completeness of the equalizing process."

This new equality we seek may be covered by the Marxian maxim, exacting from each according to his ability and returning to each according to his need. Now, I ask you to consider along with this (1) whatever truth there may exist in Darwin's theory of evolution by "survival of the fittest" and (2) human nature as it is at present. Will man put forth his greatest ability without proportionate reward? My conclusion leads me to believe that liberty should still be our aspiration, that in liberty rests progress.

Liberty which allows us to do what we wish so long as we hurt no one else is not sufficient. Who can judge what in the long run is "hurt" and how can it be judged? Should we not by such a definition have "prohibition" of liquor, and perhaps to even carry it to the extreme should we so much as rebuke a child when in the wrong. In the same manner would I criticize self-discipline which conceives of the individual as "an organ for the good of the whole." Who is capable of judging what is for the good of the whole. Perhaps we can take J. S. Mill's definition of liberty as "that of pursuing our own good in our own way, so long as we do not attempt to deprive others of theirs, or impede their efforts to

obtain it." However, upon accepting such a definition we must interpret it in application to particular cases, bearing with us at all times a belief in liberty as opposed to equality. It is the mental approach or prejudice that is important. If, as today, the approach is made with an equalitarian prejudice, Mill's definition means nothing.

A similar approach must be made toward self-reliance. The concept of "our own good" taken from Mill's definition of liberty will be arrived at through individualism which Dewey has pointed out to be a "distinctive way of feeling the impacts of the world and showing a preferential bias in response to these attitudes." Having arrived at "our own good," given the liberty with which to pursue it, we now require self-reliance to attain it. Self-reliance is by no means opposed to self-discipline, but it requires that self-discipline should not obliterate the spirit of adventure, nor become "calculation that brings fear."

It is for liberty and self-reliance that I plead, for their right to survive, and more than survive, that they may continue to grow and blossom as the rose. It seems more than a little strange to me, rather something of a marvel, that it is necessary today to make a plea for liberty and self-reliance. After the manner in which the Greeks, the Romans and England have pursued these ideals, it is rather an anomaly that it should still be necessary to plead their case. However, as I stated in the beginning, there is at present in the world today a mind chaos, and in the confusion of beliefs, in attempting to extricate ourselves from the condition, we are not being patiently sane.

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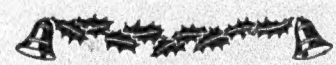
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